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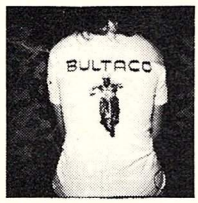

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MODERN CYCLE

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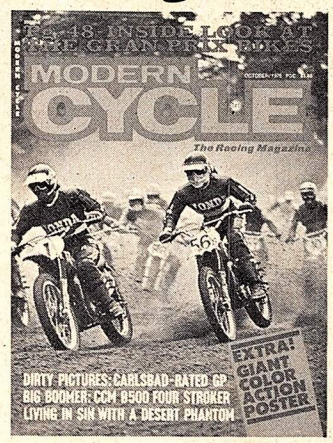
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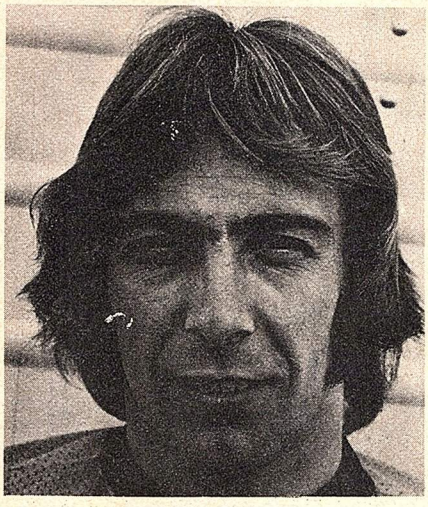
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The Racing Magazine



ON THE COVER: The Honda Wrecking Crew hot at it again, this time at the 125 National Championships in Midland, Michigan. Smith won over a strong field of buzz-saws quite easily. On July 6th, he also pulled a surprise win in Lexington, Ohio against the best 125 riders in the world, taking a clean pair of firsts. Photo by Paul Webb.

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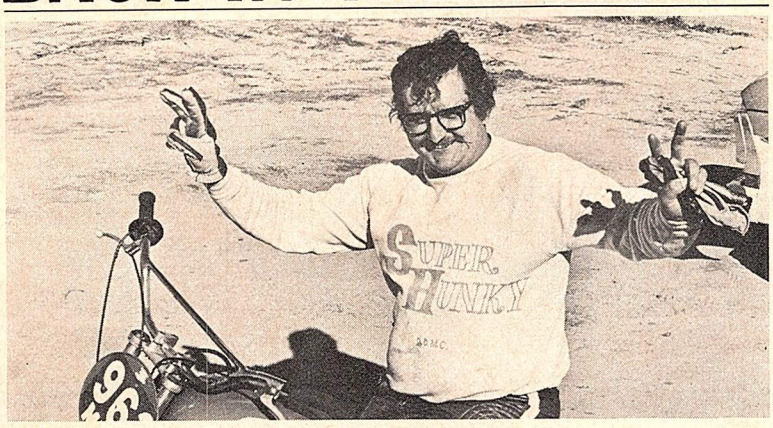
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Mail this application with your remittance.

JW12

BACK IN THE SADDLE



By Rick Sieman

Racing is a social disease

One night some time back, whilst lodged in front of the teevee in a semi-stupor, I happened to actually sit through one of those wretched medical shows. You know the kind: the handsome, but arrogantly intelligent young doctor almost makes a mistake, only to be saved at the last minute by the gruff, but well-meaning old fart doctor. I didn't have enough energy or ambition to get up and change the channel, let alone move, so I absorbed the entire hour of concentrated tripe. And it made me think: if normal people can have all those weird and exotic diseases, why can't us bikers have our own ailments?

Obviously, we have things peculiar to our interest. Why not the attendant maladies and our own terminology. To correct that situation, I hereby offer a list of racing diseases that we have all come to know by one name or another. And, for the sake of future generations, I have assigned them highly medical sounding names. The benefits of a world-wide adoption of these names are far too numerous to list, but just think: instead of saying, "I fell down and scraped my ass," the racer can now say, "I am suffering from a severe case of Hipatitass." Now, that certainly shows a great deal more class. In no particular order, we'll give medical names for racing associated phenomena, then, just in case you don't understand, we'll translate what it means.

Crashtraphobia—A common affliction among all motorcycle riders and racers; from the Latin, meaning fear of crashing your brains out. No known cure, even though causes of most crashes are known. Research does not appear to help.

Neckrophelia — Not to be confused with the disgusting mental quirk of the same pronunciation. This affliction is where the racer gets his neck caught on course markers or ribbon. It is usually accompanied by the racer leaving his motorcycle, more often than not involuntarily. Victims can be spotted in a crowded room by the appearance of their necks: it looks a great deal like an uncooked piece of cheap chuck steak. Those who like to spend a great deal of time careening off of berms seem to be more susceptible to Neckrophelia than others. The most effective cure prescribed is the Inside Line on all corners.

The Common Gold—A very debasing affliction, The Common Gold reduces the value of trophies to a low level. It can usually be found working its weakening influence at a 100 percent trophy day. One particular side effect, is that it draws the squirrels out of the woodwork. Fortunately, the damaging effects of The Common Gold are dramatically offset by the stingy 10 percent awards of most AMA Sportsman racing, thereby restoring vigor and zeal to an otherwise unhealthy situation.

Vertiglow—A mechanical affliction, usually resulting in a one-piece engine. Because of external influences, i.e. (clumsy jetting, slipped timing, etc.) the engine runs hot enough to glow inside. Detonation and seizure are two side

(Continued on page 69)

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Editorial

A MESSAGE FROM MODERN CYCLE'S

"LADY RIDER OF THE YEAR"

Editor's Note:

We received this unsolicited letter in the mail. Even though the contents have nothing to do with racing, the message is important enough to be included in these pages.

Recently, we've received a rash of mail from feminine riders, who have been sniveling for recognition based on the fact that they are females—not the fact that they're riders. This letter from Ilene Massey shows far better than we can explain the kind of attitude we admire in a woman rider. For that matter, any rider. For the tremendous spirit showed by Ilene, we—the male chauvinist pig editors—hereby declare Ilene Massey Lady Rider of The Year. Congratulations Ilene. And any time you're in the neighborhood, please stop in and join us for some riding.

Recently, I read an article in a cycle magazine written by a nineteen-year-old girl who rides a bike, in which she told how unfairly she was treated by the public in general. If it might be of any consolation to female bike riders, may I also give you some first hand comments on some of the strange ways of the public? First, I should mention that I am also of the female half of the human race. I'm past forty years old and just learned to ride a bike less than a year ago.

My first bike being a 350 Honda, bought strictly to learn on. The person I bought it from even had to deliver it to my house, as I didn't even know where to put the ignition key. The man rode it onto my front lawn, parked the bike and his instructions were as follows: "Down here is where you put the key, here's your clutch, here's the hand brake and here's the foot brake; and, oh yes, on the other side you shift gears with your left foot." He then got into the car with his wife, who had driven to my address, to take him back home.

After sitting on my front steps for at least two hours staring at the bike, I finally gathered enough courage to walk out and sit on the bike. I even returned the kick stand to the proper position, then I leaned over to see that the kick stand was in the proper position, at which time the bike began to fall to the right side. I couldn't seem to keep it from falling, but did hold on tight so the bike fell very easy; no scratches or dents. Then I found I couldn't pick it up. A neighbor was kind enough to come to my rescue and put the bike back on two wheels for me. My kind neighbor had never ridden anything larger than a scooter, but he did tell me where the starter was and how to put the bike in gear.

After a considerable length of time, I got on the bike again, remembering to turn the ignition key on before I got on, therefore eliminating the task of leaning over again.

The next hour was probably the wildest and most frightening hour of my whole life. I rode through all my rose bushes, up steps, down steps, through a small picket fence, and at least through 3 neighbors' front lawns, before I finally reached the street. From the point of the beginning of my ride, the street was no more than twenty-five away, so you can tell I took the long way getting there. These wild rides continued for a few hours, as I only had a two block stretch to ride in.

My neighbors very quickly learned to get their cars and kids out of the street when they heard the sound of my garage door being raised. However, at the end of two weeks I had ridden all of twenty-five miles (on my two block street) and then ventured as far as the place to take my driver's test.

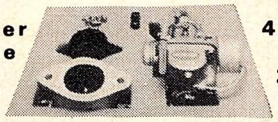
The man had me ride figure eights, make sharp left and sharp right turns and said I could not touch my feet on the ground at any time. All this I did, just as told. Even stopped on the white line just as my instructions were. He graded on my test and gave me 100%, then he put a mark through it and gave me a 98%. This hurt my feelings, as I felt I had probably earned the 100, or he wouldn't have written it in the first place. I charged it all to the fact that I was a female and that he probably had a thing against female bikers. However, I accepted the test as it was and said nothing.

That was only the beginning—last August of 1974 I bought myself a beautiful '74 model 750 Honda. In nine months, I had put 17,000 bike miles before, or rather, behind me. I added crash bars, hiway pegs, fairing and windshield, luggage rack, sissy bar and saddle bags. I have been to Canada, New York and many shorter trips and have managed to live through many insults in that 17,000 miles. I have two sons who have bikes and they are not at all ashamed to have mom ride with them.

In the past several months, I have made many new friends who constantly invite me for rides and even long vacation trips with them. None of them are lady riders, but their wives do ride along with their husbands (if they're married people). All at once I find that I am finally being accepted by the other bikers and this gives me a greater happiness than even they could even know. Young people call me to go on weekend rides with them; some single, some married people older than myself and people my own age.

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Some wear beards and the hippie-type sunglasses with denim jackets; some dressed as the Harley Davidson (hog) owners usually dress in our part of the country. Maybe it's because they are riding Harleys. I dress in whatever I am most comfortable in, but always in boots for safety sake.

I might mention this was probably the most difficult part of all and still is. The boots were a little heavy and much too mannish looking, so for a long time I carried girly shoes and always changed before I would even go into a restaurant for a cup of coffee. The fellows I ride with finally reasoned with me to the point where I keep the boots on, but still don't like it. It looks like someone would make boots with ruffles on them for girls who ride bikes.

Many times I have ridden into a service station for gasoline and even though I wore my face made up (as any lady would) and it's quite plain I'm not built like a man, the service station attendant would say, "Yes *sir,* what-can I do yor you?" I would be so humiliated that I would have to blink back the tears. Then one day after a long tiring day on the job, I stopped on my way home for gas and this time the old temper came out. Sure enough a couple of guys came out to help me and one gave me the old line of can we help you *Sir.* I looked at them and said very sweetly, "Yes, would one of you ladies please fill my bike with Ethyl?" That they did. Now I'm ready for them.

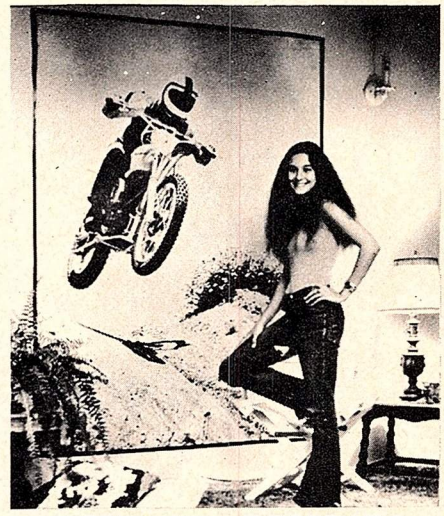
At least a 100 times, I have been asked if my husband knows I have his bike out. Now I tell them, "No. He doesn't know and doesn't care, because he was a very poor rider and the bike does him in." Which isn't at all true, as I am divorced. Service station people always ask my friends (male) what kind of gas to put in my bike. My friends know this upsets me, so they never tell them. Instead, they send them to me with the question.

I didn't stop to realize when I bought my first bike that a lady my age *just doesn't* ride a motorcycle, so for a long time I had to ride alone. Now I have many friends and through them I am meeting more new friends all the time. They tease me, but it's all in fun. They never laugh at me, but we sure have a lot of good laughs together.

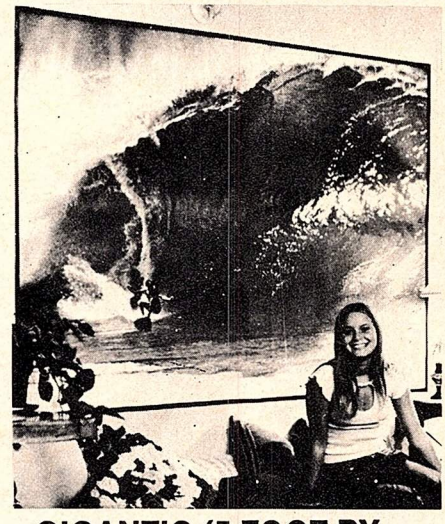
There was a time, a good long time, when I almost gave up because of being hurt by the ignorant public every time I got on my bike, I guess maybe because my sons were all for it and they seemed to say, "hang in there, mom." Well, I did and man, am

(Continued on page 11)

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BITCH, BITCH, BITCH

I nearly got sick. In your May *MC* on page 49, you had a picture of two Suzukis, a '71 and a '75 dueling it out. They were digging big holes and throwing rooster tails in the air. How could you, with all the problems we bikers have with local, state and federal regulations and laws, you surely aren't helping anything. True, your mag may have conducted the test on locally approved, or private land, but I doubt both. Now you have set the standard for all over the country to try. Digging holes in the dirt! How many high school kids do you think will put one bike against another in the school parking lot and the city park. Then we wonder why our favorite play pits get fenced and posted.

And how about that junk car bit? You may have done it without any problems, but how about the Saturday afternoon cowtrailer? A junk yard full of wrecked cars seems to be the perfect way to pick up nifty cuts, breaks, gashes and lock jaw to your body and bike. Look, I really enjoy a good test ride and I appreciate the work you do so a guy will know what he's buying before he buys it. But how about doing the testing where it won't do any harm? And let's not print any pictures that are going to get someone killed.

Rodney Windell
Warren AFB

Windell, don't be an overbearing asshole. That's our private test track and we grade the thing over every now and then. As for the junk car, it's been there for as long as we can remember and if our Expert test riders want to play games on it and bust themselves up, it's their business. I suspect that, with an attitude like yours, you'll probably get into politics when you get out of the military. Using your logic, why don't you tell Ali not to box, or Evel Kneviel not to jump cars. Buzz off.

PRO PIPE

After reading your January *MC*, which had the test on the CZ 400 mx'er, I must say I was impressed. As a new dealer for CZ, I have shown many customers this test. They too are impressed. I need your help on a few things you mentioned. That pipe, the Pro-Formance Products pipe for example. I've been unable to locate that pipe, or even the manufacturer. If you would, please forward this letter to the manufacturer so we may buy some of their pipes. Many of my customers want to use them on their bikes.

Keep up the good work,
Bob Sullivan, Owner

Jim O' Neal Dist. still has a few of those pipes in stock . . . we think. Try: 18340 Gault, Reseda, CA 91335, (213) 344-5175.

WIPE OUT!

I just finished reading your article on the Husky gas forks in your July issue. I think it was ridiculous for you to leave the fork wipers off of those forks. That's just like leaving off your air filter before a race. Couldn't you just lower the forks in the triple clamps?

Michael Koroly
Bronx, New York

Not enough room at full stroke. We told you that in the story. For chrissake, Koroly, don't you do anything but read captions and look at photos.

KRAUSE'S SECRET LOVE?

I wish to extend my sincere thanks to Vic (to the ovens with them) Krause. He's a great guy and a super dealer. I wish some other shops would take notice. You know what they say, "Behind every good guy there's a good woman and behind every great guy, there's two good women." Look out Darlene.

P.S.—You'd better print this letter or I'll shave your stash while you're sleeping.

Kyle Jensen
Wheaton, Illinois

YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE

I'd like to start road racing, but after looking through AMA news, I've been unable to find a place to race and/or practice for the beginning racer. I'd appreciate any help you can give.

Thanx,
Thomas Chromczak
Utica, New York

All you'll find in the AMA news are

(Continued on page 68)



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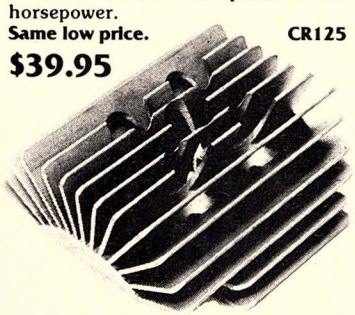
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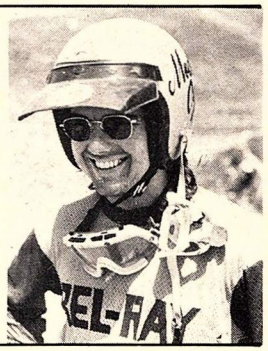
Div. of Village Togs, Inc.

Village Cycle Shop
7d Moto-Cross Rd., Lake City, Tenn. 37769

STROKIN' IT

Jim Mercier

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOUR BIKE SHOULD BE UNBREAKABLE, YOU LAZY BASTARD?



If you were to sit down and analyze your bike, you'd find it's only a bunch of properly bent tubes held together with weld, a few nuts and bolts and a lot of excess crap. Materials are mainly steel, aluminum and a little plastic and rubber. Well then, how in the world can this piece of metal and plastic be expected to hold up under the conditions we subject them to? Man, if the thing lasts for three rides without doing some work on it, you're pushing your luck.

If there was some way to take a poll on the amount of time all riders (no matter how serious they ride) spent on their machines doing hard core maintenance and shaping, I'd be willing to bet the time would be minimal for the most part. Sure, there are a few riders who actually spend a lot of time working and preparing their bikes, but for every one who does, there are five who spend no more time than it takes to wash the thing off at the 25¢ carwash. Many riders feel that if they spent a grand and a half for a bike, it'd better last for at least two years without doing anything to help the bike live.

Take a look at the bikes that are being run in the Trans-AMA and the World title races. They spend more of their life in the shop being torn down and repaired, checked and shaped, than they do being ridden. Those same bikes are run only when they *have* to be run, not for a weekend practice session or a casual trail ride. Any time any bike is being run, it's wearing down the expected life span of that bike. Even the fifteen thousand dollar bike of Roger DeCoster spends a great deal of its time broken in spite of being worked on for endless hours before each race. That's what cost Mr. D. the championship last year and is plaguing him this season. If he's not leading, or right in the hunt, he's broken. I'd bet that half of the time it's those chicken shit things the mechanics feel will never fail, but somehow always manage to.

And here we have a bike that no privateer could afford to run and is probably more temperamental than the box-stockers we mortals run. My God, if he has problems almost every week, what do you think your poor bike is going through? Hell would be a light estimate.

Sure Roger rides harder than all of us put together, but they haven't been able to spend enough money to keep a bike under him. The way that Roger rides makes him look smooth, but as fast as he is going, the bike takes so much abuse that sooner or later it fails. Last year, he only finished half of his motos.

To draw another parallel, what about those racing cars, like the formulas and the sprints? Those guys don't even think of running the same engine twice. If the engine has run one race, they completely disassemble the thing and give it a complete rebuild. All pieces are changed, bearings, seals, rods and pistons. Nothing is left to chance. For racing like this where they run wide open for hours, the motors get completely thrashed in no time at all.

And here we sit. Riding the bikes until they are so ragged that they'll barely run, and when they finally do break, we get all pissed off and blame the bike.

No matter what kind of bike you own, it should be cared for like it was going to be run in a world championship race the next day. If you were to take the top end off about every month, you'd probably be able to save a bunch of money on pistons just by changing the rings when needed. That's what wears them out you know; when the rings get so bad that the piston starts to jump around in the cylinder and break.

Another example: A fuel dragster. Those engines have about six miles worth of running time on them when they're torn down. A few quick passes down the strip and they're ready for the shop. That's why that kind of racing is so damned expensive and many factories are involved.

(Continued on page 69)

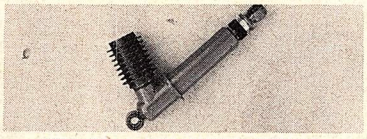


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Editorial

(Continued from page 7)

I glad. It's a whole new world out there. I can hardly wait to get out there and hear that Honda hum down the long highway again.

Right now at this very moment, I am lying in a hospital bed and looks like I will face back surgery within a few days. But my Honda had absolutely nothing to do with my illness and my problems began many years before my first bike. After surgery, it will be many months before I can ride, or drive a car again, but that's what it's all about. Can't give up that great life I've found out there, so the back must be fixed so I can hurry back as soon as possible. My beautiful Honda with a new Harley wheel and low profile tire on the back, is all clean, waxed and polished and very safely locked in the garage waiting for the day this *old lady* walks through the door, pats the gas tank and says, "Hi baby doll. Let's go find some mountains to camp in and be alone." Then I'll call some friends, tell them I can ride again, so get the pup tents, sleeping bags, mess kits and let's live again.

For all the other ladies out there who would like to ride bikes, but find it rough because of the stupids you must come in contact with, I would like to say, "Keep your chin up." Let your temper and quick tongue go a few times in a lady-like way and it will do a world of good. After a time people will realize you are a lady, (maybe a little tomboy), but you will be treated like a lady. Your new friends will help you oil your chain (I still can't put my 750 on the center stand), help teach you how to change your oil (which I'm still pretty messy at, but do know how finally).

I don't ask you to publish a letter such as this, but maybe you could publish a few of the ideas from it, to be passed on to the gals out there. Where I work, we sell magazines and I see more girls buying cycle magazines all the time. I have stacks of them, even magazines on those beautiful choppers. Friends have brought me more new cycle magazines here at the hospital and I really appreciate it so much. If it weren't for the bad back, I would have ridden at least 25,000 miles in my first year. Not too shabby for an old lady who had to pass 40 before learning, don't you think?

Very sincerely written,
Ilene Massey
4301 S. Main
Independence, MO 64055

U.S. NORSTAR

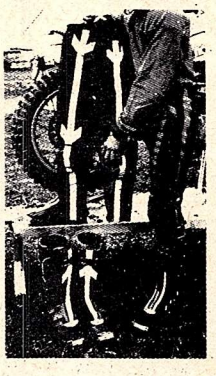
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SPARE PARTS

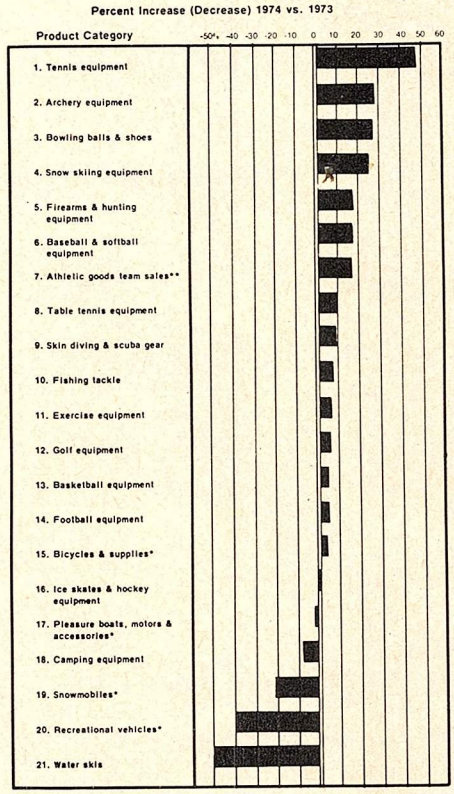
TAKE THE REST OF THE YEAR OFF, GASTON

Four events remain in the 1975 World 125cc Championships, but for Team Suzuki's Gaston Rahier it's already time to celebrate. Rahier clinched the World Championship in Czechoslovakia, winning both motos going away. Akira Watanabe, Japanese MX Champion and Rahier's teammate, remains in third place in the overall standings behind DeRover, earning eight points at the Czech GP. Rahier's 13 firsts out of sixteen motos run thus far, enabled Suzuki to capture the first-ever Manufacturers' Points Standing in the new World 125cc MX Championships.

Not a bad showing for the all new RM 125 Suzi, I'd say.

WHERE ALL THE MONEY IS GOING

If you want to know where everyone is spending their money, then look at this chart prepared by Irwin Broh and Associates. It shows the growth of net sales over last year's sales. Seems people are spending more money on the more simple sports than on the expensive ones. Most of these expenditures are a one shot expense. How often do you wear out a tennis racket, or a bowling ball?

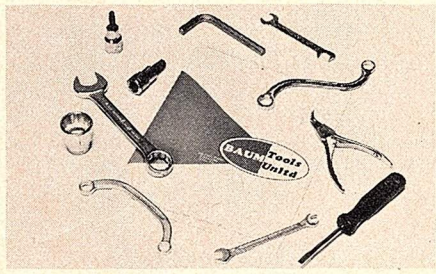


*Not determined by NSGA consumer survey. Projections are based on estimates by associations and leading manufacturers.
**Projections were developed in a separate NSGA survey among team distributors.

Source: Irwin Broh & Associates

HOT DAMNED SOMETHING FOR FREE!

Anytime you can get something, anything, for free, it's worth a stamp to send for it. If you need a catalog on every tool in the world, then you ought to send for this new catalog from Baum Tool Unlimited. They have a billion or so catalogs to get rid of, so why not get one for yourself? All you have to do is send to them a letter stating that you have an interest in their freeby catalog on tools and they'll send you the book. Their address is: Baum Tools Unlimited, 7231 Owensmouth



Ave., Canoga Park, CA 91303 or call (213) 348-8633.

I mean, what the hell. It is free, you cheap screw.

SO THAT'S WHERE HE'S BEEN

Back at the Carlsbad GP, everyone was looking for Can-Am's Jimmy Ellis, but he was nowhere to be found. Rumor had it he had hurt himself in practice, but we learned he is going to be campaigning the new Can-Am 125 MX-2. Ellis is one of this country's best riders and is now going to be focusing his efforts on the highly competitive 125 National class. Wonder what the new Can-Am small bore racer looks like? Regardless, it'll be interesting to see how he does.

BLAST FROM BAJA

For a monthly magazine to cover an off-road race is sort of hard. By the time you read it it's history; we can't complete with the weeklies like *Cycle News* and such. But when we received this piece of information on the Baja run, we couldn't pass up the chance to use it. Never do you hear about the fatalities that occur in the race. Not the ones to the people, but the ones to the machinery. Take a look at this chart and trace the breakdowns in each of the classes. Dominating by a large margin are the 125 and 250 classes. ●

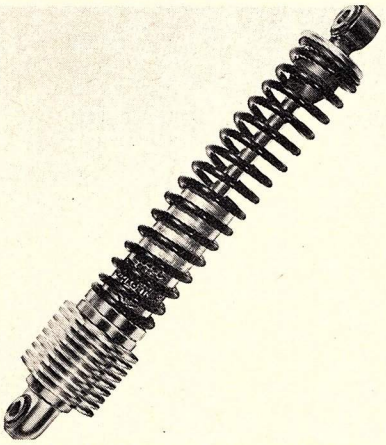
VEHICLE CLASSES AND STARTING NUMBER RANGE

CLASS 1	Single-Seat 4-Wheel Vehicles	Vehicle Numbers 100 thru 199
CLASS 2	Two-Seat 4-Wheel Vehicles	Vehicle Numbers 200 thru 299
CLASS 3	4-Wheel Drive Stock Production	Vehicle Numbers 300 thru 399
CLASS 4	4-Wheel Drive Modified Production	Vehicle Numbers 400 thru 439
CLASS 5	Baja Bugs	Vehicle Numbers 500 thru 599
CLASS 6	Production 2-Wheel Drive Automobiles	Vehicle Numbers 600 thru 699
CLASS 7	Mini-Pickups	Vehicle Numbers 700 thru 799
CLASS 8	Production 2-Wheel Drive Utility Vehicles	Vehicle Numbers 800 thru 899
CLASS 9	VW engined Single-seat Vehicles Displacing 1200cc & under	Vehicle Numbers 900 thru 999
CLASS 10	Two-Seat 4-Wheel Vehicles displaces no more than 125cc	Vehicle Numbers 1 thru 39
CLASS 20	Motorcycles whose engines displace no more than 25cc	Bike Numbers 40 thru 99
CLASS 21	Motorcycles whose engines displace no more than 250cc	Bike Numbers 340 thru 399
CLASS 22	Motorcycles whose engines displace 251cc or more	Bike Numbers 440 thru 499

BREAKAGE FACTOR BY CLASS AND CHECK POINT

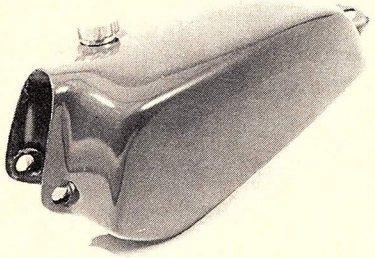
Class	Amount of Starters By Class	Percent to Break Before 1	Percent To Reach #1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	Finish
1	54	13%	87%	78%	69%	54%	50%	48%	43%	9%
2	59	17	83	69	63	54	41	39	34	34
3	21	5	95	86	81	76	62	52	48	38
4	16	6	94	88	63	56	50	38	31	25
5	39	18	82	79	67	62	56	56	44	41
6	27	26	74	59	59	44	37	33	30	22
7	22	5	95	91	77	73	45	41	32	27
8	19	16	84	79	68	58	47	47	42	42
9	26	0	100	81	77	65	46	46	42	42
10	15	7	93	93	93	67	67	67	67	53
20	10	0	100	100	100	100	90	90	90	80
21	26	8	92	88	88	88	85	85	81	81
22	29	10	90	79	72	66	62	62	59	59

New Products



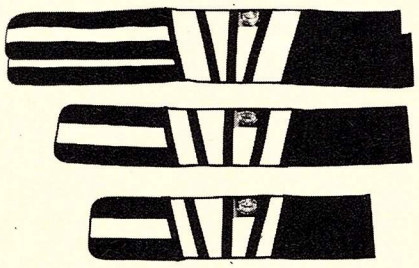
NO BALONEY, A NEW KONI!

Koni has finally come out with a shock that's designed to work on the long travel rear ends. Since the LTRs have been around, people wanting to use Koni shocks had to change the Koni inners to a larger capacity body, but no more. Koni's new shock has a larger capacity and the body is aluminum. The inner adjustments are the same; six-way adjustable from full soft to full hard. The only problem with these shocks is the fact that they are going to cost about $130. But, if you figure the cost of a set of alloy bodies and a set of stock Konis, you might be money ahead.



FACTORY LOOK-A-LIKE

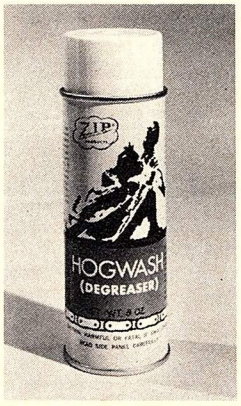
Want a tank like the ones the factory riders have on those trick Hondas? They can now be purchased from the DG people. They've made what looks to be an exact copy of the RC Honda tank. It bolts to the bike in the same manner as the stocker, and also uses the stock cap and petcock. They come in Honda Red or DG Yellow. Built from fiberglass and priced at $41.95. This'll be good if you crunch that stocker or put it on the 175 that has a steel tank. If you want a little more information on these tanks, call or write to: DG Performance Specialties Inc., 5552 La Palma Ave. East, Anaheim, CA 92806, (714) 996-4430.



GUT GUARD

Ever since the Gold Belt has been around, they have been one of the most popular kidney belts you can buy. But now, they've made a few changes to their belt. Like the new "V" design and triple cut back to eliminate roll over and get a better fit.

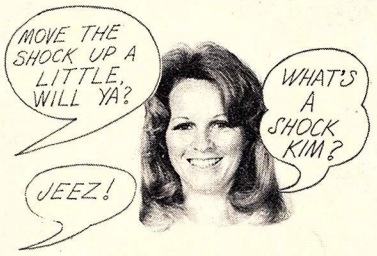
They've added a new model to their line of belts called the "Skinny Mini." It's designed to fit the people with a waist from 18″-24″. The old Mini belt is now called the "DYNAMITE," and will fit the waists from 25″-36″. The "SKINNY MINI" sells for $11.95 and the "DYNAMITE" sells for $12.95. The original "OLD GOLD BELT" sells for $16.95 plus shipping and handling. If you want to order one of these belts, call or write to: Simon Says, 8568 Melrose, Los Angeles, CA 90069, (213) 657-7237.



PIG CLEANER

Zip aerosol products has come out with a new degreaser called Hogwash. This is a biodegradable detergent cleaner, that is designed to remove oil and grease. Hogwash is very low in toxicity and will not harm most paints. This new cleaner can be purchased through your local dealer for $1.95. If you have trouble finding it, contact:

ZIP AEROSOL PRODUCTS
21322 DEERING COURT
CANOGA PARK, CALIF. 91304
(213) 883-4700





FAT BILSTEINS

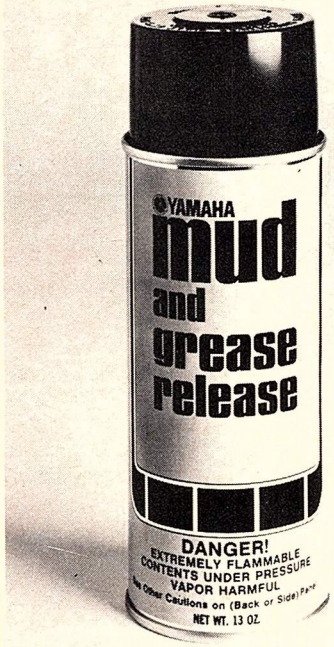
Yes, they're finally here: the big brother of the ever popular Bilsteins. These new models have the larger 36mm diameter body and the Heim joint on the top. Adjustment rings are the same style as the smaller body shocks and have four places to set the pre-load. They function best in the laid down or cantilevered position. With the benefit of the Heim joint, the shock should last longer. We recently did a gas shock comparison test, (Sept. *MC*) and these shocks are included in that test. For damping curves and specs on the shocks, see that issue or write to: International Cycle House, P.O. Box 15384, 1708 South Lyon Street, Santa Ana, CA 92705; or call Kim Kimball at (714) 558-9543.



SMOG EATER

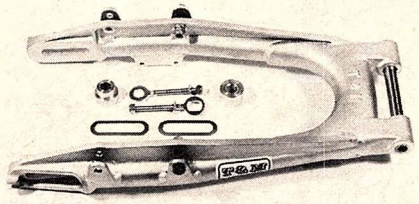
Bel-Ray has a new two-cycle oil out for the street rider. This new oil is formulated to give clean burning with no carbon or wear, claims Bel-Ray. Comes in quart plastic bottles and is available from your local dealer. For more information call or write to:

BEL-RAY CO., INC.
P.O. BOX 526
FARMINGDALE, NEW JERSEY
or
P.O. BOX 1520
HUNTINGTON BEACH, CAL.



AMAZING GREASE

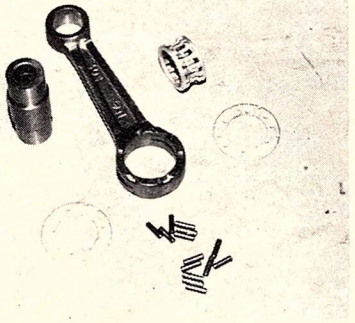
How often have you been frustrated after spending four dollars at the car wash trying to get the mud off of that sled of yours? No more! claims Yamaha parts distributors. They've come out with a new mud remover and grease release. They claim that it's an easy and efficient way to keep your equipment looking like new. This cleaner is being used by the Yamaha MX team and they endorse it completely. Which, somehow, doesn't surprise us too much.



HEY! FEEL THAT ARM. STRONG, HUH?

From the picture it looks well built. The top gusset is made from a casting that looks like the girders off a bridge. Most of the alloy arms you can buy aren't too good, but this one might be up to the job. This arm is the only alloy arm on the market that the manufacturer stands behind 100%. That's right, they will guarantee the arm for as long as you own it. That's under normal use, of course. But we wonder what they consider normal use? Maybe that should be asked about, before you tell them where to ship it. The arm is built to fit most Honda, Suzuki and Kawasaki MXers. They run $105, and for an extra buck they'll send you a free catalog and a stickey.

Their address is: T & M Engineering, 2110 East McFadden, Santa Ana, CA 92705, (714) 835-3235.



BOTTOM END FIXER

New, from the Southern confines of California, comes a rod kit for the ever popular CR 125 Honda. What a bunch of crap. All they did was find a rod that was the same length and make it fit a CR crank. No big deal, but they have already done it, so why should you? Next time your little Honda takes a big dive, don't buy a complete crank from your local shop, get a rod kit and have it rebuilt. Couldn't cost but fifteen bucks or so. Anyway, what are you going to do with all of those blown crank halves? Or do one better than that; the folks down at Cycle Products West have a package deal for you. They'll rebuild your crank for $54.99, and that's including the rod kit. For the straight story call or write to:

CYCLE PRODUCTS WEST
11900 W. PICO BLVD.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90064
(213) 477-0997



LONGER TRICKITS

Back in our June *MC*, we did part one of Project Suzuki. In this article, we did some modifications to a Suzuki 400 fork and read suspension system. We used the prototype Number One Products Trickit kit and some extenders that were made up for the test. Those extenders are now available for the world to share. They fit; Yamaha, Kawasaki (except KX), Suzuki and CZ. List price is only $5.95 per kit (plus 50¢ shipping and 6% sales tax for California residents). All you have to do is tell them the year, make and model of your bike and they'll do the rest. Be sure to send them your address and name, dummies. Number One Products, 11509 Bexley Drive, Whittier, CA 90606, (213) 695-4119.





FILTER CARE MADE EASY

No matter what kind of cycle you happen to ride, we all face the same basic tasks about each week. One of them is cleaning the air filter. No one enjoys cleaning those grungy filters, but we *must* do it. K & N thinks they have the answer. They've come out with a new cleaner and degreaser for their K & N filters. It works with water, by merely spraying it on and rinsing it off. It comes in a spray bottle (quart capacity). Also works to clean the rest of your bike and will not harm paint or plastic, claims K & N. After cleaning the filter with the degreaser, they now have a spray-on filter oil. After the filter is dry, merely spray the oil in a thin layer over the outside of the element. This will serve as a seal over the thin multi-layers of the K&N filter. For more information, write to:

K & N ENGINEERING
P.O. BOX 1329, DEPT. MC
RIVERSIDE, CALIF. 92502 ●

YAWN . . . ANOTHER GODDAMN FRAME MODIFICATION

ADOLPH WEIL FRAME CONVERSION

Step by step how-to chassis cut.

By Rondo Talbot

Why are there so many different rear suspension systems running around these days? If you could answer that question you'd be the only one in the country who knows. That's the way it seems anyhow, because each day someone comes out with a new *Hot Tip* for rear long travel. At first, everyone just simply moved the shocks up a bit. Then they got more elaborate. Monoshocks, cantilevers and even some completely laid down versions.

Who has the right set-up? Who's to say who's right or wrong? Which suspension do you want on your bike? Maicos have a good working rear end, as good or better than a lot of the bikes running around. But lately, the factory Maicos have been sporting a new design in rear suspension. It looks a lot like the same design the factory Suzukis and Kawasakis are presently using. The shocks are both moved forward and slightly laid down, about 36 degrees, like the new RM 125 Suzuki has stock. What are you going to do if the new Maico production bikes have this new rear end and you are stuck with the outdated old style unit? Bad shit, that yesterday's news, eh?

Never fear, we've got the answer. The only people we could find who are doing the conversion, is California Moto Sports in Canoga Park, California. This shop is a fairly new one but has such notable names as Mike Chamberlain (of Mike's Racing Center fame) and is managed by go fast racer Billy Payne. They've been playing with these frames for a few months, so we gave their conversion a try.

We decided to let these guys do the job on Mercier's 250 frame, with the assurance from Mike that he'd like the results, or they'd change it back. His frame was one of the factory frames that came modified from the Germans. It had to be stripped down to the bare frame, simply because it's a bunch easier to move around when cutting and welding.

The frame has to have all the shock mounting brackets and rear tubing removed. A cutting torch and a steady hand will do fine. Those tubes that run from the lower section of the frame to the frame loop (where the seat sits) have to be cut, but should be left long (about 10") until later on in the operation. After removing all of these brackets, you *must* sand down the welds. Any body grinder or high speed sander will

1

We started with a FWD mount chassis. All of the tubing and mounts have to be removed. Be careful not to torch through the tubing and try to keep the shock mounts in good shape. They will be used again if you don't screw them up. Keep the up-sweeping tubes about ten inches long; they later will be shortened.

2

With the frame sitting in the natural position (where the frame settles while sitting on level ground) raise the rear loop to 25½". On ours this was only one inch. Measure to the center of the tubing.

3

From the base of the rear motor mount, measure out 5"; this is where the cut should be made. Be sure to not make the angle of the cut too severe, because the angle at which the tubing runs is important. To the edge of the tubing, it should be 5".

4

Make the up-swept tubes run parallels to the tubes of the frame. It should mount 5" from the top of the tubes.

5

Measure down 5½" from the seat base tubes; this is the point where the rear brace tubes should mount. This measurement should be made to the center of the tube.

6

We made our rear supports 21" long, because this is the point where there is the most strain.

7

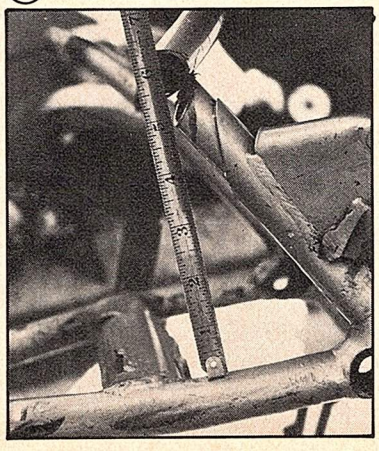
Grab the stock mounts that you didn't screw up. Place them on the frame and bend them to allow for proper alignment of the shocks. The shocks will hit on the outside of the top tube, so mounting will be easy. Tack all mounts in place before finishing the welding. This way the shocks will still line up when you're finished.

8

Both inner and outer stock mounts can be used for these mounts. If you can't manage to save your stock mounts, then make mounts as needed.









do the job. We used this big old body grinder that will cut through a frame in a second flat if you're not careful, if yours is like that try not to ruin the frame.

After you've got the frame sanded down to where you think it's smooth enough, grab a hack saw and a measuring tape. Measure from the lowest point on the rear motor mount, back to where the up-swept tube is. Draw a line at 5″. This is where the frame has to be cut; for this cut *do not use the cutting torch;* this cut must be straight. Before cutting, place a piece of tubing next to where you've marked the tube. Determine the angle at which you'll have to cut it. Be sure not to cut this tube at too severe of an angle, or you'll have problems fitting the new sections of tubing; make the cut only after determining the angle.

For the new section of tubing, we used 4831 chromoly tube with a .050 wall thickness.

Next step is to place the frame on some sort of level ground. If you have a work bench, or even a flat section of floor, that should do fine. The rear loop of the frame has to be raised to 25½″ from the floor. The frame must be sitting in the natural position (where the frame settles when sitting on the flat surface). Measure from the floor to the center of the tubing on the rear loop. All of these measurements are made for running a 13.5″ shock. If you plan on running a shorter shock, then you'd better compensate slightly.

Cut the tubes that are to be used for replacing the up-swept tubes. Make them fit as close as you possibly can, for this will make welding much easier. The top of the tubes should be placed at 5″ from the top most point of the existing up-swept tubes. The new tube should run perfectly parallel to the other. If you *FISH MOUTH* the tubes, they'll fit even better. After fitting the tubes, tack them in place. Measure the distances again; if correct; finish welding.

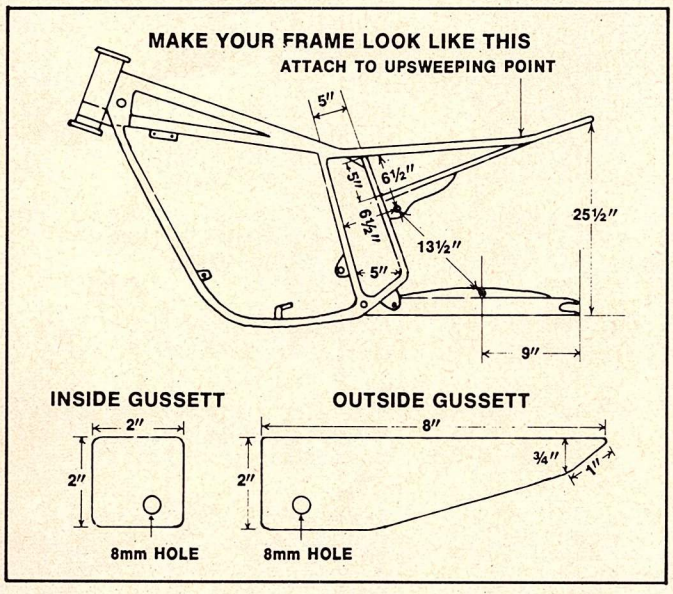
When welding the tube on the side of the pipe mount, be careful not to let your heat run down onto the brazed section of tubing. If the heat reaches this part, the braze will flow toward the flame and weaken the joint. If this does happen, you'd better let it cool down and sand away the braze, then try it again. Pay close attention when working in this area.

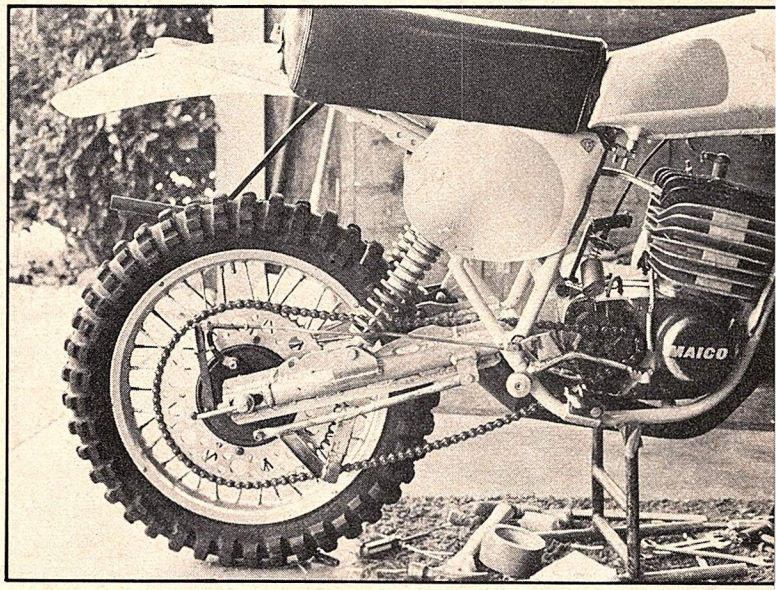
With these two tubes welded in place, measure down from the tubes under where the seat would sit. Come down the new tubes 5½″ and put a scribe mark. Do this to both sides of the frame support tubes. These tubes will keep the rear section of the frame from bending.

When you make the tubes to be used for the support tubes, be sure to make them fit extra good. You'll notice the severe angle at which they meet the frame under the rear of the seat section. We found it best to grind each one individually until they fit perfect. After doing both tubes, place them in the described location and tack them in place. Again, check the location with Mr. measuring tape; if correct, finish welding.

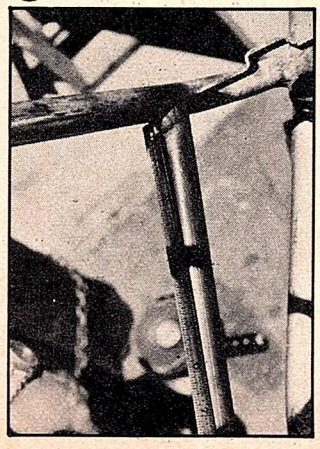
Once you get to this point, you've got the major part of the job done. If you didn't ruin the stock mounts, get them. If you screwed them up, then you'd better make some (fig. A). Place the swingarm back in the frame. For this modification, you don't have to change the location

(Continued on page 43)

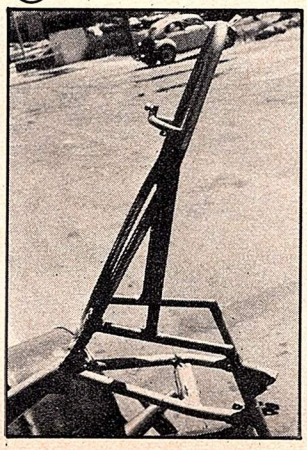




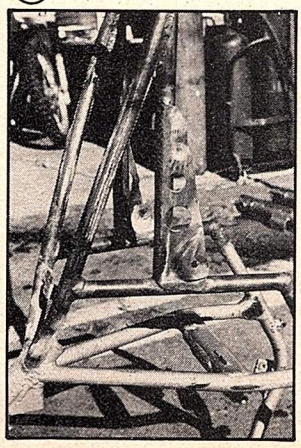
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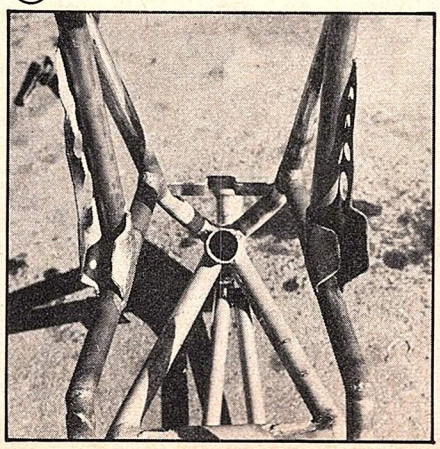
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7



8



Four-stroke special at $700 per stroke

CCM BRITAIN 500

A BSA without the warts.

By the Editors of MODERN CYCLE





We have a friend who used to have a 441 BSA Victor. Or "Victim," as they called them. He was the last holdout in our group for the so-called Grand Old Single. We all bought CZs, Buls and Yamahas, but he kept on trying to make that Beezer run with us.

Oh, the engine put out plenty of power, and in a drag race through axle deep sand, nothing could beat it, but if there happened to be a bump

1

1 **Once riders got used to the weight being up high, the CCM cornered well—as long as the bike was under steady power.**

2 **Kickstarter got in way when standing. To clear for kicking, it should be the folding knuckle type.**

3 **Tank was held in place by rubber bands up front and the seat pin at the rear.**

4 **Huge lines ran from back frame rail to special Konis. They leaked.**

5 **Strong gusset held lower shock mounting.**

6 **Cable operated rear brake was strong, but rear end chattered under heavy braking.**

7 **Front brake was good; Dunlop knobby marginal.**

2

or two, or even a corner, it was all over. The Victor handled as foul as any bike ever built and was heavy, too. With much effort and a small fortune spent, he got it down to about 280 pounds. That didn't seem to make it work much better. He bought a Dick Mann swingarm and put Cerianis front and rear. It took the bumps better, but still shook its head violently and would get into tank slappers without any warning at all.

He moved the footpegs around, tried different bars, expensive knobbies, light wheels, fork oils and a multitude of springs. The bike still was a pig. Finally, he gave up and bought a shiny new 1970 CZ 250 and lived happily ever after. But, he kept on mumbling about how that BSA *could* have been a neat bike, if he'd taken the time to put a good chassis around it, and fix the ignition and so forth.

We figure he had over two grand in the BSA before he finally ended up selling it for $385 to some dummy. The dummy promptly went out and broke his leg the very first time he rode the thing. We figured our friend got out cheap, but he still insisted that the bike *had* possibilities. If just enough time and money had been expended. . . .

Voila! Right here in front of us, we have what could and should have been the BSA dream of old: The CCM 500 Grand New Single. All the machine really boils down to, is an old Beezer taken out to the absolute limit of development. No expense was spared by Clew Competition Machines (CCM), but they don't hesitate to pass that expense right on to the consumer. The retail price here in the States, less taxes and such, is right around twenty-eight hundred bucks. Of course, that's only an estimate and it could be slightly higher, according to the American importer, Aero P.A., of McHenry, Illinois.

What you have to ask right about now, is the logical question: Is the bike worth it?

Of course not. Don't be silly. No BSA made was ever worth even the normal asking price. You now have to ask the logical second question: Why does the thing exist, then?

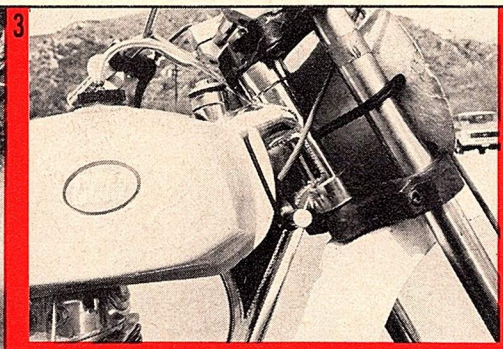
As close as we can figure, it's made to satisfy people like our old buddy who have a warm spot in their hearts for Thumpers and dreams that never materialized. Right now, if he had the coinage, he'd snap one of the CCMs up and spend endless hours polishing and grooming it.

But, where does that leave the CCM as a valid competition tool? It's competitive . . . sort of. And, it could be competitive under almost all conditions, if they'd just spent some more money on the machine. Good Lord! The bike sells for almost three grand and isn't perfect! Several flaws stand out, among all the good stuff. Firstly, the engine is above reproach. The power output is magnificent and the engine literally pulls right from idle. If you could get the Amal to allow the engine to idle, that is.

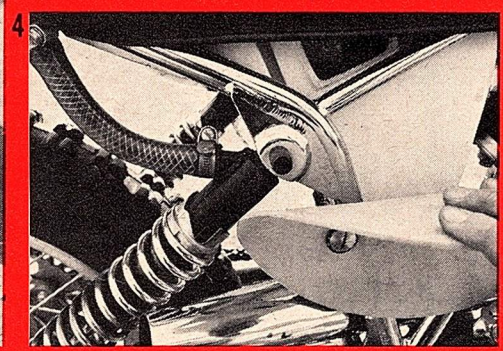
Shifting and braking were excellent, too, and the forks absorbed huge bumps without flinching. However, the chassis still wiggled alarmingly at high speeds over bumpy ground and the rear suspension was not correct. Not at all.

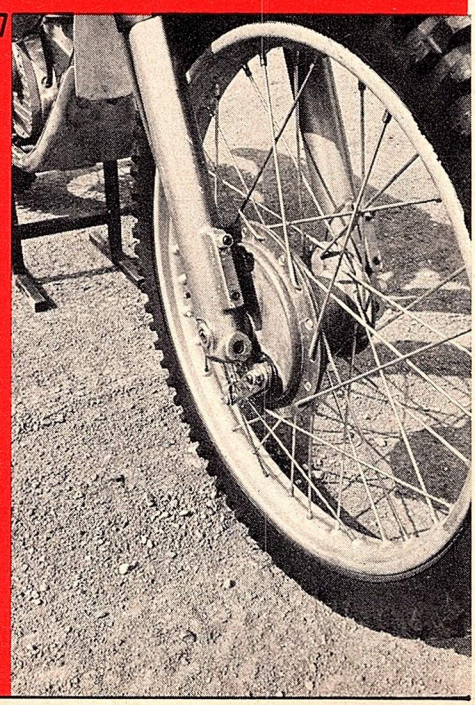
Even though the ass-end is cantilevered and the special Konis have a huge reservoir of oil in the rear frame section, we encountered fade after a few laps. Possibly the oil isn't circulating from the tubes and into the shocks. Those steel bodies got very hot, very quickly. We didn't have the opportunity to try any other kinds of shocks on the CCM, simply because we couldn't find any 14½-inch shocks around. The one on the CCM are specially made for Clew, but they were specially made wrong. We tried bumping the rebound

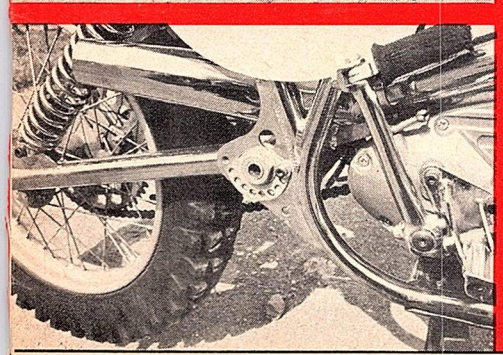


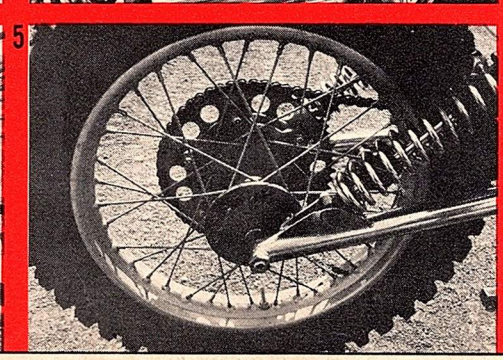




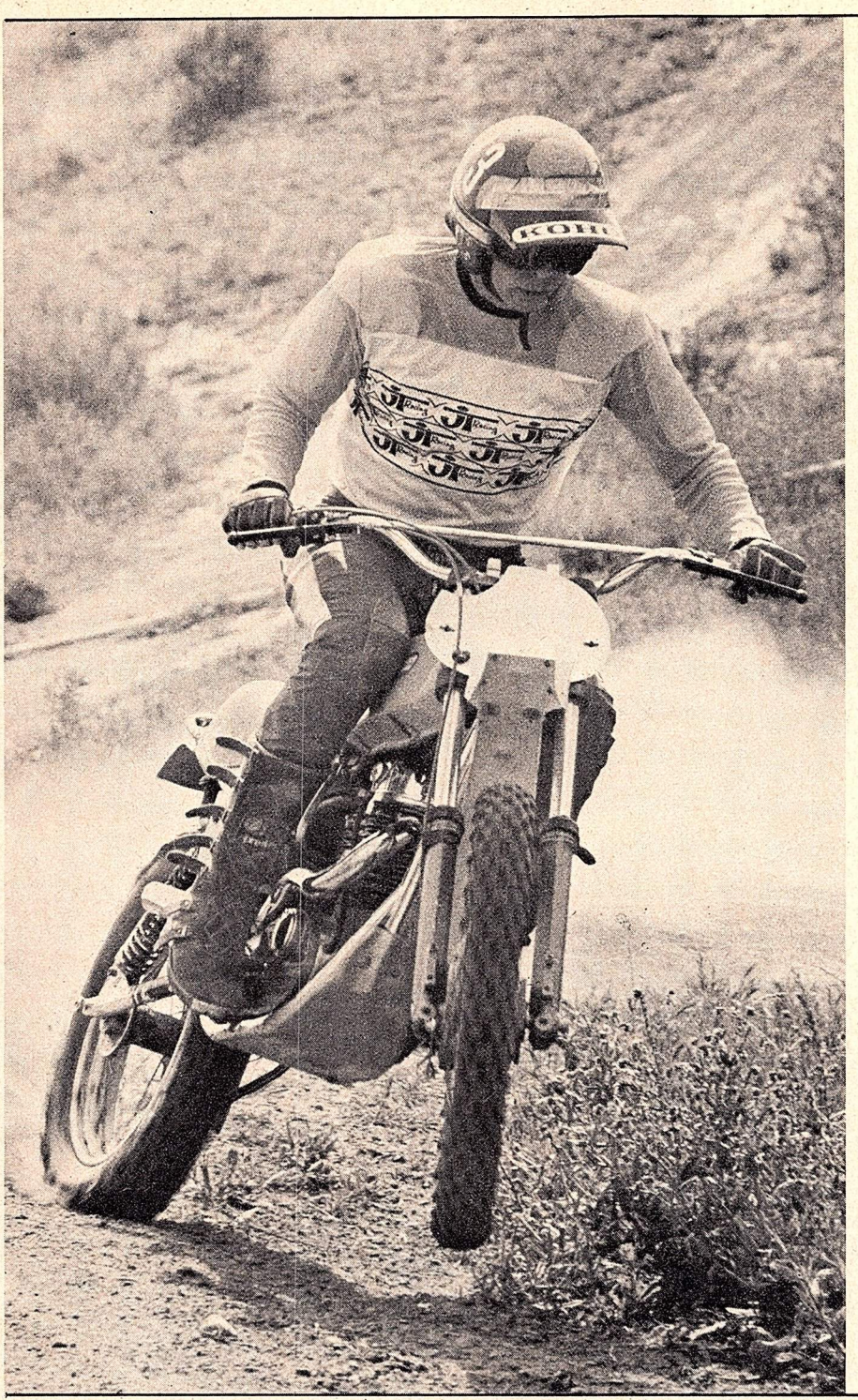












NAME AND MODEL	CCM B5
PRICE, SUGGESTED RETAIL (APPROX.)	$2800
MOTOR	Singe cylinder, four-stroke, BSA based
BORE/STROKE	88mm/82mm
DISPLACEMENT (CC)	498cc
COMPRESSION RATIO	10.3:1
BRAKE HORSEPOWER (SAE) OR (DIN)	45 at 7000 rpm
CARBURETION	Amal concentric 36mm
RECOMMENDED STANDARD JETTING FROM FACTORY:	
MAIN JET	#340
NEEDLE JET	#107
PILOT (LOW SPEED JET)	#30
NEEDLE POSITION	Middle
IDLE AIR SCREW (NUMBER OF TURNS)	As required
IGNITION	Battery rechargeable, total loss
RECOMMENDED SPARK PLUG	Champion N3
SPECIFIED TIMING AND SPARK PLUG GAP	34 degrees—9.6mm B.T.D.C.
PRIMARY DRIVE	Chain with tension adjustment
FINAL DRIVE	Renold ⅝″ x ¼″ No. 520
GEAR RATIOS:	
1	2.18:1
2	1.64:1
3	1.24:1
4	1.00:1
AIR FILTRATION SYSTEM	Foam element in air box
LUBRICATION	Dry sump, oil in frame
RECOMMENDED OIL	Castor base oil only, Castrol R40
GEARBOX OIL	½ pint, Castrol EP 90
FUEL TANK CAPACITY	1.6 gallons
PRIMARY CASE	⅓ pint Castrol R40
RECOMMENDED GASOLINE (FACTORY)	Premium
FRAME (TYPE)	T45 light gauge tubing T.I.G. and bronze welded
WHEELBASE	57.5 inches
GROUND CLEARANCE	10½ inches
SEAT HEIGHT	34½ inches
FRONT SUSPENSION	CCM forks, adjustable, 8 inch travel
REAR SUSPENSION	14½ inch special Konis, cantilever 8 inches
OIL TANK CAPACITY (IF ANY)	5 pints
WHEELS:	
FRONT	21 inch spring steel
REAR	18 inch spring steel
TIRES:	
FRONT	Dunlop 3.00x21 knobby
REAR	Dunlop 4.00x18 knobby
BRAKES/HUBS:	
FRONT	Conical magnesium
REAR	Conical magnesium
FUEL TANK MATERIAL	Fiberglass
FENDER MATERIAL	Fiberglass
INSTRUMENT	None
WEIGHT (ACTUAL) WITH FULL TANK OF GAS	237 pounds wet with oil
EXHAUST SYSTEM	Straight, with racing tip
SILENCER/SPARK ARRESTER (IF ANY)	None
STARTER (KICK, ELECTRIC, LOCATION)	Kick, hard
PRIMARY START	No
GUARANTEE, IF ANY	Against defects in workmanship. Machine must use Castrol oil
INTENDED PURPOSE OF BIKE (FROM MFG)	Racing, MX
COUNTRY OF MANUFACTURE	England

damping up higher, and it helped the bike for a few laps until the shocks got hot again. Those Konis just weren't getting rid of the heat, or the long travel of the shock piston was causing cavitation (holes in oil) or aeration. Part of the problem on the right side could have been caused by the location of the exhaust. It was dumping out heat right on the center of the shock. After riding the bike for a few hours, the shock was black from exhaust smoke. Also, the springs seemed too soft for the weight of the bike and the chassis tended to wallow under acceleration and braking on bumps. The last few inches of the shocks travel are snubbed down by an oversized rubber bumper inside the shock spring. This makes the last bit of travel stutter and hang momentarily, then snap back. Even with the softish spring, the rebound of the wheel overcomes the damping ability of the shock quite easily.

As long as the turns weren't too bumpy, the CCM proved to be a predictable cornerer. At first, the combination of the heavy front end and the ultra-long wheelbase made the rider think that the bike reacted sluggishly, but this really wasn't the case. Once allowances were made for the overabundance of high-up weight, the CCM could be pushed hard through the turns. It just took an extra bit of muscle to start the leaning over process, or to start the body movement earlier and let the bike take more time to respond.

On soft surfaces, the CCM turned as good as anything we've ever ridden. Here, the widespread torque allowed the rider to use almost any gear he wanted through a turn.

Revs built slowly on the CCM, but acceleration was deceptively fast. The bike just didn't make the usual amount of noise one associates with going quickly. The exhaust note, even though it was unsilenced, was pleasant. No one covered their ears when the big single got fired up. We found that we could use third and fourth gears through even the tightest sections of our private test track. Strangely, even with the huge

piston and large amount of power developed, the vibration was very low. And, the CCM did not tire the riders out much at all, compared to a big two-stroke single. As long as there was reasonable traction, that is. On baked dry surfaces, the shortcomings of the British Dunlops were painfully obvious. We switched to Metzelers front and rear and made the bike handle infinitely better. One benefit of the soft build up of power was quickly obvious: the 4.75x18 Metzeler knobby stayed fresher looking longer than on a comparable two-stroke racer. Two or three hours on the back of a 450 or 501 Maico, and a Metzeler is ruined. After several day long riding sessions, the tire still was decent on the CCM. Apparently, not much wheel spin is happening.

DETAILS

Our test bike came with a total loss ignition. It would let the bike run for three hours or so before it fizzled out. Recharging was accomplished by hooking up some light cables to a nearby truck or car battery for thirty minutes. Fortunately CCM offers optional electrical system that don't require this barbaric method. The distributors claim that this battery system gives a ferocious spark that never fails. We'd rather take our chances with a mag flywheel. This method on our test bike was simply a giant pain. Still, we never had difficulty lighting off the bike as long as the batteries were fresh—and they are impervious to vibration.

We always had a puddle of oil under the bike whenever it sat for any length of time. It seemed that every joint on the bike ooozed after a while.

The fiberglass on both fenders started cracking after a short while, even though the bike was never dropped by us.

Starting always took a giant kick, but as long as we got the engine spinning over well, it would light off easily. Kenny Zhart was with us one test session and couldn't kick it through without getting jolted straight up in the air. Of course, he only weighs about 120 pounds after a full meal.

The one comment that every rider

1 **Bars were held in place by well designed clamps. Entire fork assembly was very strong.**

2 **Plastic levers allowed too much flex for our tastes. Amal throttle wiggled around on end of bar.**

3 **Mark Blackwell had a good old time riding the CCM. He said it was almost competitive.**

4 **Oil for engine was held in frame spine; easy to fill.**

5 **Charging the batteries in the CCM every three hours was a real pain in the ass.**

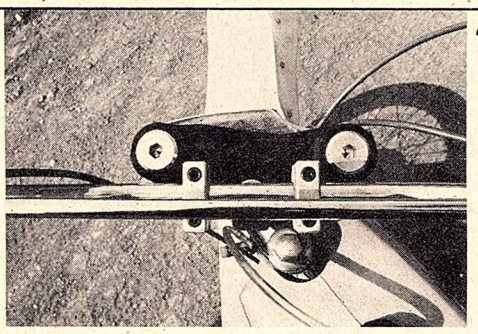
6 **Plug was protected from falls by neatly designed bar.**

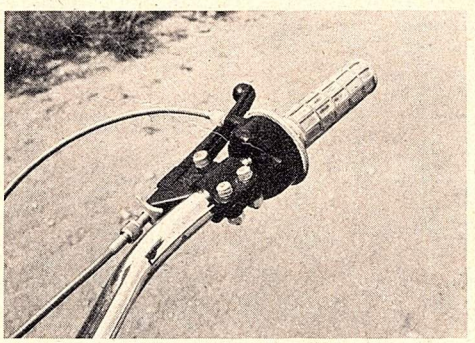
7 **Foot pegs were bolted to side cover. Looks weak, but no breakage has been reported.**

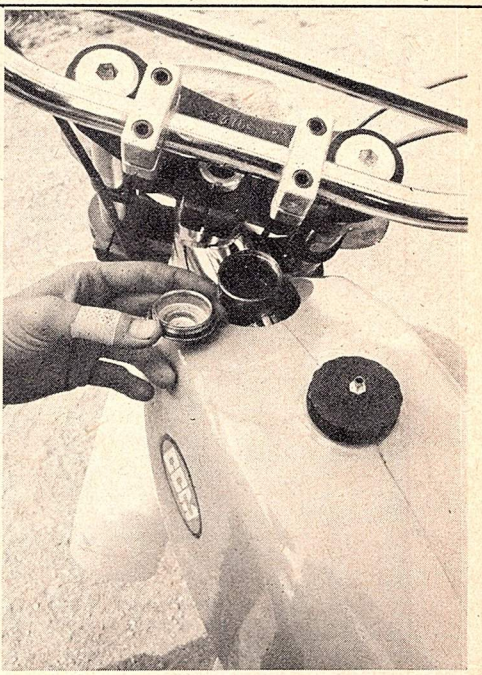
8 **Good skid plate protected handsome engine.**

9 **Cantilever was nicely set up, but shocks performed poorly.**

10 **Rear brake was strange at first; middle of rider's foot made contact. After we got used to it, we liked it better than conventional arrangement.**


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3 5

immediately voiced, was a complaint about the saddle. This is possibly the worst designed saddle ever made. It's rock hard and has a big lump right where you spend most of your time.

We felt the footpegs were too far forward for comfort, so when the riders had to stand up, they were forced to pull awkwardly on the bars to maintain the proper stance. CCM claims this is a built in feature to prevent the rider from looping over and to get maximum weight transfer. Whatever. It still feels awkward.

The air cleaner is undersized and vibration makes the foam flutter around. We found dirt in the inlet tract from whoever had the machine before us. Cleaning and a heavy layer of grease reduced the possibility of lunching that beautiful engine.

Bars were CZ shaped and liked by everyone.

Clutch pull was very hard, but wasn't needed for smooth shifting. All the rider had to do was roll fractionally off the throttle when changing gears and everything happened smoothly. And, the bike just did not require a lot of shifting.

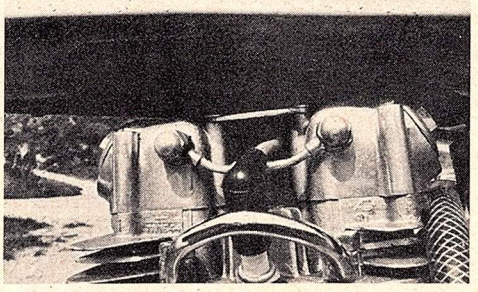
SUMMATION

We've already established that the CCM is horribly expensive, but we almost wouldn't mind paying that kind of money if the manufacturers hadn't used marginal components in several places. There is no reason to put an archaic Amal concentric carb on an expensive bike. The shocks are not right. And the frame geometry cannot be considered ideal for truly rough courses.

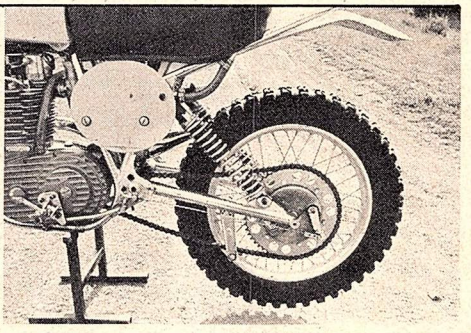
Much of the detailing is excellent and an obviously huge amount of time must have been put in the assembly of the bike. They just didn't go far enough. As long as CCM was going to make an expensive toy, why stop at $2800, when just a few hundred more might have made it perfect? People who decide to pop for an elegant piece of history with an elegant piece of change shouldn't have to bitch about anything. Still, it is the nicest BSA Victor we've ever seen. Even if it isn't a Victor. ●



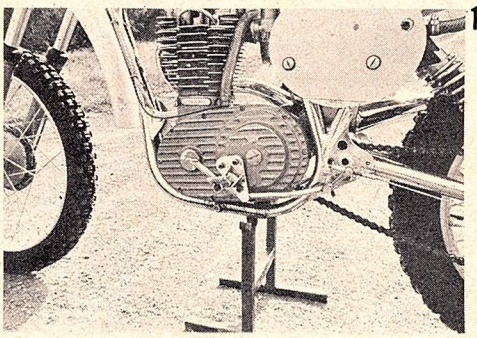
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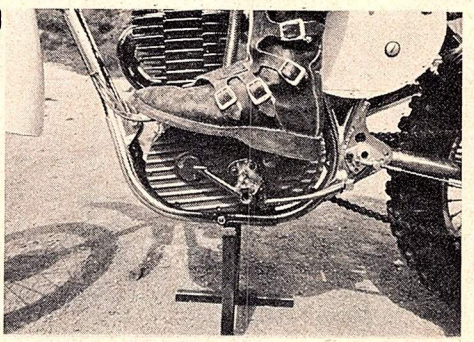
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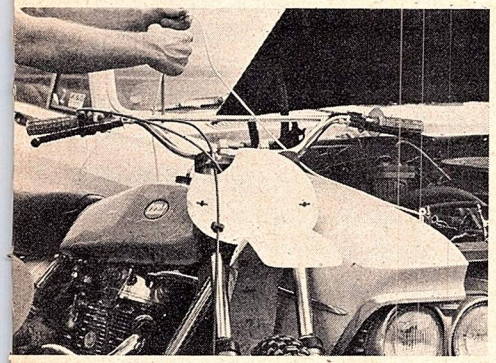


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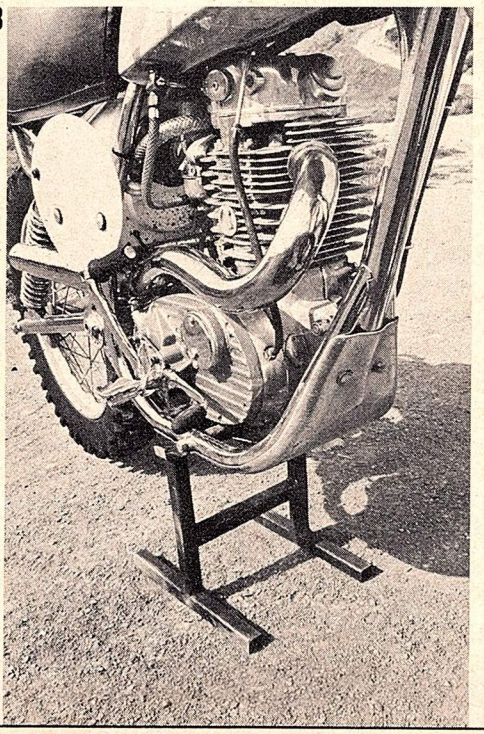


10





8









That's what we'd call a "light, good handling, reliable motorcycle." He must have stopped three thousand times to fix that pile.



THREE YEARS ON A TRIUMPH

By Tom Fiala

MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN, OR...

YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE. YOU'LL HAVE TO GO THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

Everyone is always looking for the easiest way to do anything. No matter what it is, you usually want to do it in the simplest manner. But not this guy; he's looking for the longest way around the world. The man's name is Ted Simon, a 44-year-old British author and journalist. He's been riding around Europe, Africa, South and Central America since October of '73. In that time, he's racked up over 30,000 miles and the best part of all, he's done it on a Triumph. Some people will do anything for a laugh.

When he was asked why he chose a Triumph, he said "I knew I needed a bike that could negotiate the most demanding terrain in the world, with extremes of climates and altitudes. I chose a Triumph because it's one of the *lightest* four-stroke bikes and, of course, it's famous for its handling and reliability. . . . And of course it's British."

According to Simon, the world is a better place than we're being told. Everywhere he went, he claimed the people treated him like a friend. Even the most primitive groups in Africa and South America treated him friendly, but they all told him the next tribe down the road were killers and scoundrels. They treated him good, but seemed to have problems getting along with each other. According to Simon, the most important thing is how you present yourself. In the old days it was fitting to ride up on a horse, but with modern technology, the best way is to ride up on a motorcycle. Simon says, "The motorcycle is a way of expanding your consciousness. And if the world ever needed something, it's that."

After resting in the L.A. area for a while, Simon is heading for Japan, Indonesia, China, India and the Near East. He's going to travel through this area for a year and a half. It goes to show, if you do something, anything, do it better than anyone else and you've got something; if you don't, forget it.

Leave it to the British to do it the hard way. ●

CALIFORNIA FLASH MEETS THE WORLD

CARLSBAD: RATED GP

Plus selected Short Support Classes

By Rick Sieman **Photos By Sieman, Mercier, Krause and his Brother-in-Law Ron, Big Jim, Fiala and Rondo "Nikon" Talbot.**

Few people know Rex Staten. Oh, a lot of them know him to see him and to say stuff like, "Atta way, Rex. Bitchin' ride!", but few know him well enough to talk with him. And of the few that do talk with Rex, only a fraction of those know the *real* Rex Staten.

I know Rex well enough to know that he's the most dedicated rider walking the face of the earth. Most think that he's the epitome of The California Flash. You know—big clickers off the jumps and dazzling wheelies, Buck Rogers face guards and enough stars and stripes on his leathers to be mistaken for a Vegas Strip Hotel.

Rex has a practice track—if you can call it that—out behind his house. This track makes the bottom of the Colorado River look like a putting green. And every night he can, Rex gets out there on his practice bike and honks around this grim piece of landscape until he runs out of gas—or the bike breaks.

Often, he puts several tanks through his back-up bike until he simply cannot ride anymore. Rex has ridden until his hands have bled, gassed up again, ridden until the cramps have twisted him into knots, ridden more until his lungs have burned, ridden until sweat has blinded his eyes . . . then, when the bike has quit running, he's pushed it back to the garage.

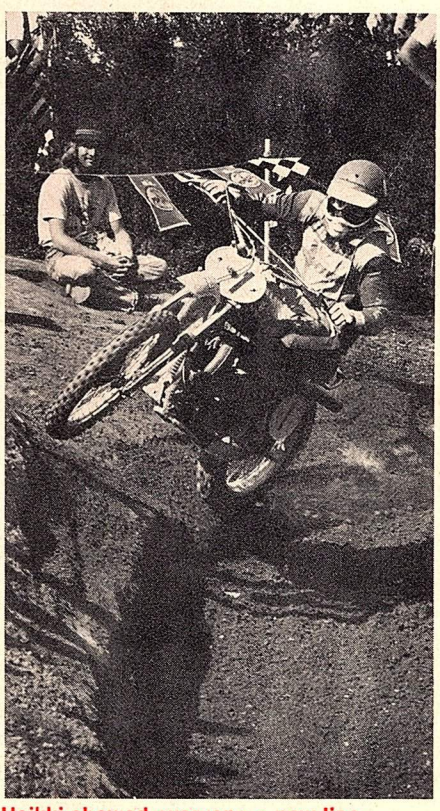
No one wants to win more than Rex. No one. You can spout off all that wonderful bullshit about how the Europeans train with plywood seats and ride naked in the middle of winter, but it just doesn't stack up with what is reality. Rex, if anything, trains too hard. He's never really had a coach to speak of, other than the occasional periods of watchfulness under the eyes of C. H. Wheat. Wheat, on more than one occasion, has stated (in very crowded bars) that Rocket Rex *can* be the best in the world. But . . . he has problems.

Many of the problems come from Rex himself. He's horrendously hard on machinery. Over at Cooper motors, (the Maico people) there are two cardboard boxes. One of them says "Mosier" on the side. It's about the size of two large suitcases. In it reside the parts that Gaylon Mosier has gone through since the first of the year.

Next to it is another box—a much bigger one—maybe four times bigger, and in this box marked "Rex," are stacks of dead and wounded parts. The guys in the parts department joke about the box, "Hell, we can keep four guys in parts with what Rex runs through."



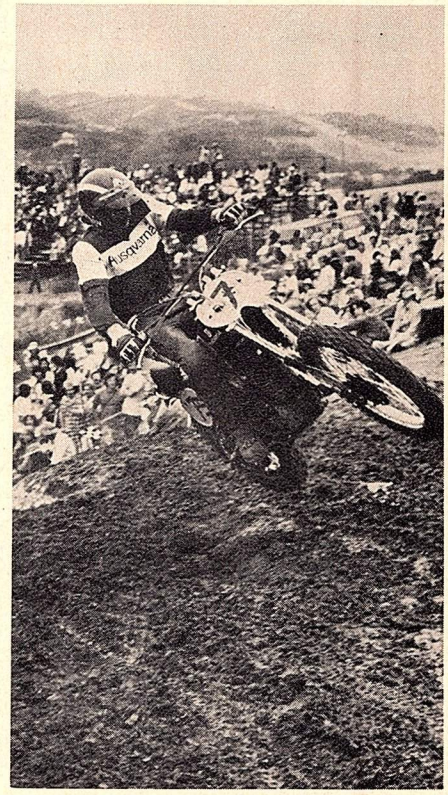
Gary Semics pulled a hole shot in the second International moto, just like last year. And, just like last year, it was a short-lived lead.



Heikki showed everyone a new line through the Carlsbad ledged berms.



Before the riders were allowed to enter the starting area, they had to line up in the staging area. Motors weren't allowed to be started until they reached the bottom of the hill. Strict, and it made sense.



Brad didn't push hard in time trials. But when it came time to race he rode his best ever trying to beat Wolsink. He did (in the first moto).

And Rex breaks things that aren't supposed to break . . . twisted mainshafts, bent forks, fractured frame tubes and snapped axles.

Why??

Probably because of trying too hard. Even though his riding has smoothed out a great deal as of late, he still will not back off one little notch in his frenzied attempt to get from Point A to Point B in the minimum expenditure of time.

As long as the bike is in a semblance of control, you'll still hear the engine wailing at maximum revs. Sickening side to side hops that would have most riders reaching for rosaries are taken in stride by Rex. He's still not sure of how fast he can go. This leads to more problems. Often, more experienced riders make Rex set a killing pace. One that destroys equipment, or leads to wipe outs. And when Rex is out of the way, they motor off into the sunset at their leisure. If one can call any form of racing "leisure."

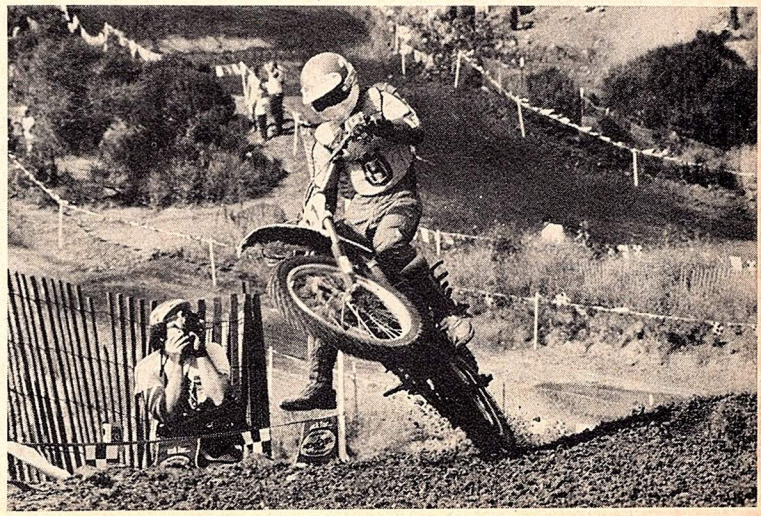
While on Maico, Rex set a record in the ferocious CMC Pro MX circuit that may never even be approached. Naturally, the major factories came sniffing around and, eventually, one of them signed him up. In a strange way, this was unfortunate, because Honda gave him one experimental machine after another. And experimental machines have a way of breaking. More so under Rex than other people. His record of finishes on the Hondas was dismal, but occasionally, one of the machines would stay together and Rex would wail again. As expected by the savvy MX watchers, his Honda ride came to an early end. He wanted to ride, but they wanted to experiment and still wanted wins. Under the Rex Staten School of Riding, this was not a compatible set of circumstances.

So, he went back to Maico in the hopes of recapturing the days of wine and roses. And he did it not for the money—but because he wanted to win. Money has always been secondary with Rex. Immediately, he put together another string of CMC wins and then Maico sent him out to the National Wars. But they sent him on a 250, while Rex functions best on a 400. Mutual disappointment led to a break up between Maico and Rex and he split. For a few weeks, he dabbled with various mounts, then accepted a factory ride from CZ. If nothing else, CZs are strong and Rex started winning again. Which brings us up to the World Championships just held at Carlsbad.

Rex went there to show everyone a few things. And, for the first time since we've ever known him, he was bristling with confidence. The CZ had been holding up under him quite well, and even though it was much heavier than every other bike at Carlsbad, it had enough of the right kind of horse-

Compare the styles of these four riders. From left to right: Doug Sherman, Kent Howerton, Rex Staten and Billy Grossi.









As soon as the gate fell, the two Hondas began to pull away. By second and third gear, they had a few bike lengths.

power to suit Rex. Before the race, he seemed much calmer than usual and talked less than ever. Many interpreted this as nervousness. Saturday (practice day), was to dispell this notion in the minds of most.

"Well, it looks like Rex won practice," laughed a trackside wit. Indeed, during practice, Rocket Rex smoked around the track like the devil was after his soul. At one point, he slipped on the track right behind Roger DeCoster and started to dog him. Now, Roger is a proud man and doesn't like to be passed anywhere by anyone, not even in practice. Roger gassed it. Rex gassed it. A crowd gathered and giggled a lot. "Lookee the California Flash, burning himself out on Saturday. Hey, Rex! Race day is tomorrow, not today!" Rex made several attempts to get around the yellow Suzuki of DeCoster, then right in front of the largest crowd on the start/finish sweeper, he went on the outside of DeCoster at least a gear higher and pitched the 400 CZ sideways like a speedway bike. And knifed across the front wheel of Roger D., slamming the gate with a devastating finality. The crowd whooped and yelled with delight. Roger scowled and tried to tail Rex. Rex motored away. Roger pulled off a few laps later and headed for the pits, looking slightly burnt. Rex stayed out and rode. And rode. And rode. He was the last one on the track and the sound of his CZ could be heard snarfing and howling around the track. Eventually, Rex came in and went to the pits.

You'd think he would be a happy man. Not so. "American Jawa made me take my Maico forks off. Now they want me to take off my Basset pipe. They say my bike doesn't look enough like a CZ. I feel like giving them their bike back," he said. We volunteered a bit of help . . . "Tell 'em to go fuck themselves. You're the one who has to ride the bike."

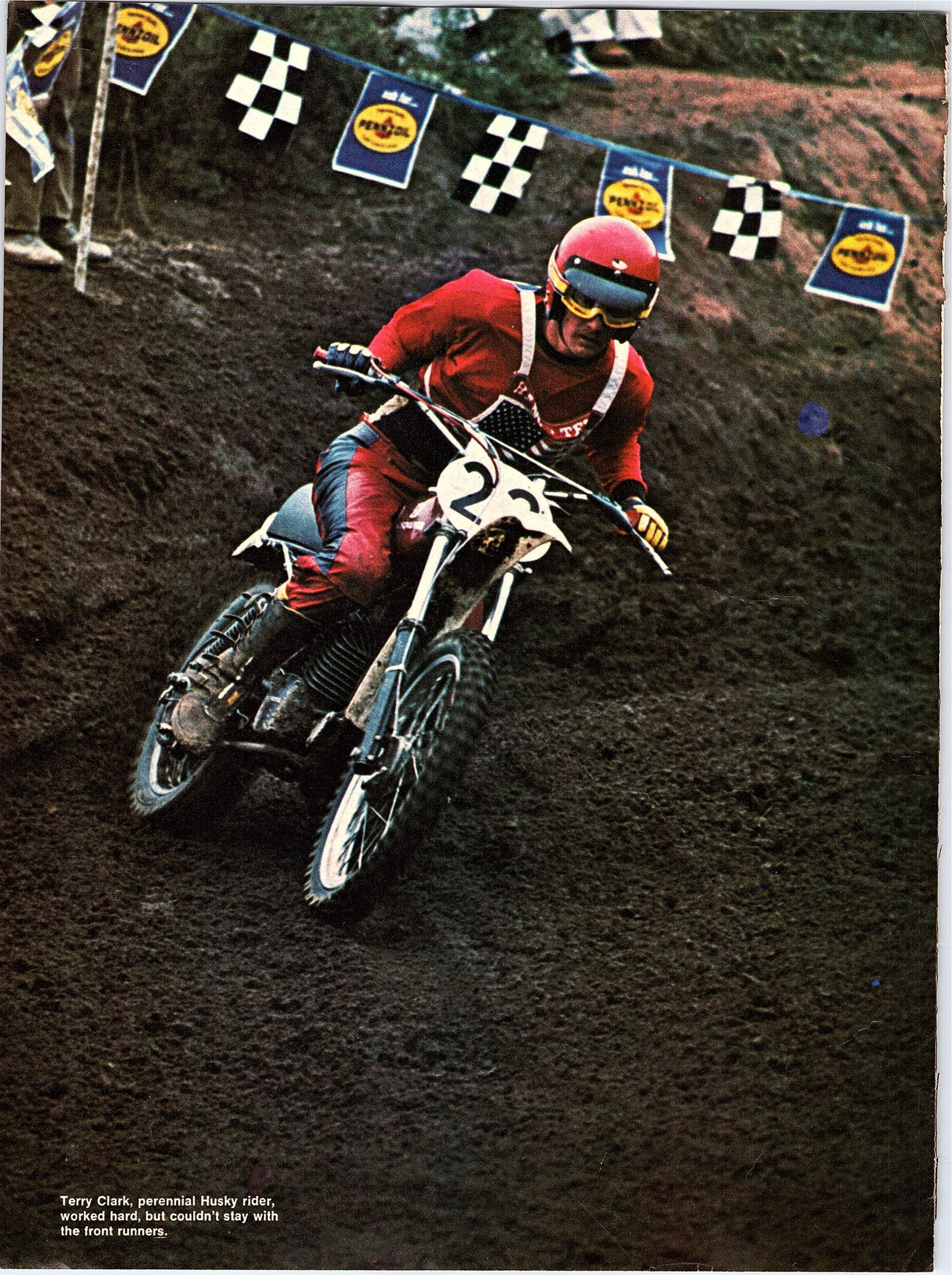
"Yeh, that's it," Rex mumbled, "that's what I'll do." He walked off to give the message to those in charge.

Sunday morning and Rex's machine appeared to be a compromise. No Maico forks, but the Basset pipe stayed and so did a pair of Girling gas shocks with super heavy springs. The CZ forks had gas caps on them, but still had the wimpy top triple clamps. At least the bottom triple clamp was special and strong. Even with the modifications, Rex complained that the forks were harsh and pounded his hands and arms.

If you ever get a chance, take a look







Terry Clark, perennial Husky rider, worked hard, but couldn't stay with the front runners.

at Rex's hands. They look a great deal like dried up old tree roots. Callouses are over scar tissue and the fingers look like talons. The arms are lean and laced with hard, wire-like muscle. He looks like he could strangle a jack hammer running at full throttle, if he wanted to. And yet, the forks were beating him to death. I personally wouldn't ride the bike to the store for cigars if it pounded Rex, for I am a mere mortal.

After Sunday practice, the fastest lap time was turned in by the Rocket hisself. Other fast times had been turned in by DeCoster, Lackey, Aberg, Mikkola and Wolsink.

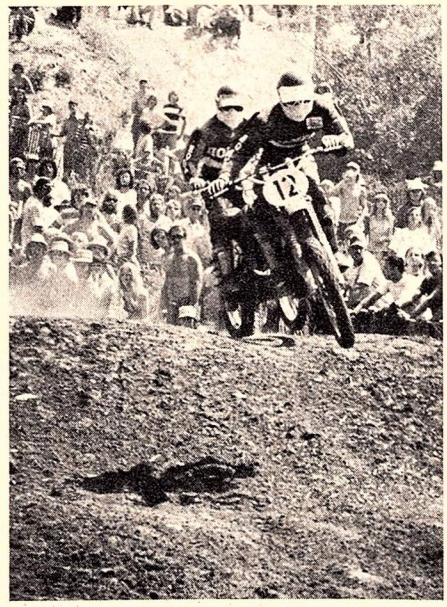
Additional side drama was supplied with a tight chase for the world title. Last year, we stood alongside the very same track and saw DeCoster and Mikkola engaged in a duel for the lead. This year, it was the same players and virtually the same script. Mikkola was slightly ahead on points and DeCoster was sniffing right up his tail. Roger had just started to look stronger and faster with each passing race, and Heikki was mostly over his injuries, but Roger was starting to get his usual frustrating share of DNFs. Roger was faster, broke often, while Heikki was almost as fast and his equipment held up better. As usual, Wolsink and the others were still in striking range, but not expected to go down to the wire. Bets were being made all over the place, most of them being placed on Roger, Mikkola or Wolsink.

In the support class, none of the suspense reigned. The Honda Wrecking Crew, consisting of two kids (Smith and Crofts), were so much faster than everyone else in practice that it was merely a question of *which* Honda would win. Hart looked fast, as did Vidic, McDougal and several Bultaco riders, but none of their motorcycles sounded as snarly as the Hondas. Hell, they sounded more like 360s than 250s. The fact that Carlsbad was Smith's and Croft's backyard also helped more than a little.

When the first race of the day blew off the line (the 250 National Support Class), the Honda kids erased whatever doubt might have remained, as they blitzed off to an early lead. Jeff Vidic hung in for a short while, but each time they went up the big uphill, he lost about 80 feet. The race was between the Hondas, and Croft and Smith put on a nice show for ten minutes, then Smith started putting distance between himself and Croft and took all the drama out of the race.

By the end of the moto, Smith had a substantial lead; Croft held an undisputed second. No one else was in the ballpark.

As expected, the second Support moto was an instant replay of the first. No



Croft Smith coming over a jump casting a single shadow.

In the second moto, Croft pulled a hole shot and staved off Smith for a while.



Baron put in an inspired ride in the second moto, holding off a strong Tim Hart.



Start of the 250 Support Class. Croft is 56; Smith is 12. Everybody else shouldn't have bothered to put a number on their bikes.









Marty Smith squares off a corner directly in front of Vidic. This gave him a superior line down the next straight and by the end of the straight, he had pulled thirty feet on Vidic.



The Man. Roger appeared to be in complete control of the situation, but his shocks went away in the second moto. There's probably not a more savvy rider anywhere than Roger D.





A dream hole shot come true, Rex pulled a hole shot on the rest of the world. Mosier is 27, DeCoster 2, Semics 17 and Mike Hartwig (18), gets pushed to the outside.

argument. No chance from anyone else. It's true that the Honda kids were superb riders, but the fact that they had motor on everyone else made a travesty out of the race.

When the gate flopped down for the first International moto, Rocket Rex did what he does best: he pulled a hole shot on everybody. And he didn't do it by reading the gate, either. No sirree, by gawd. He merely left it on longer than anyone else diving into that loamy first turn. Lord, was it beautiful. When the front half-dozen leaders hit their brakes for the left-hander, Rex's big 400 howled loudly for a half-second longer, then he locked up everything but his float needle and the CZ shuddered and scrubbed off enough speed for him to turn. Which he did. Neatly. With no fuss, or big hairy broadslide. Rex merely went as deep as it was possible to go on that day, in that turn. Driving out of the first turn, he already had fifteen feet over second place, which just happened to be the man who many say is the best rider in the world—Roger DeCoster.

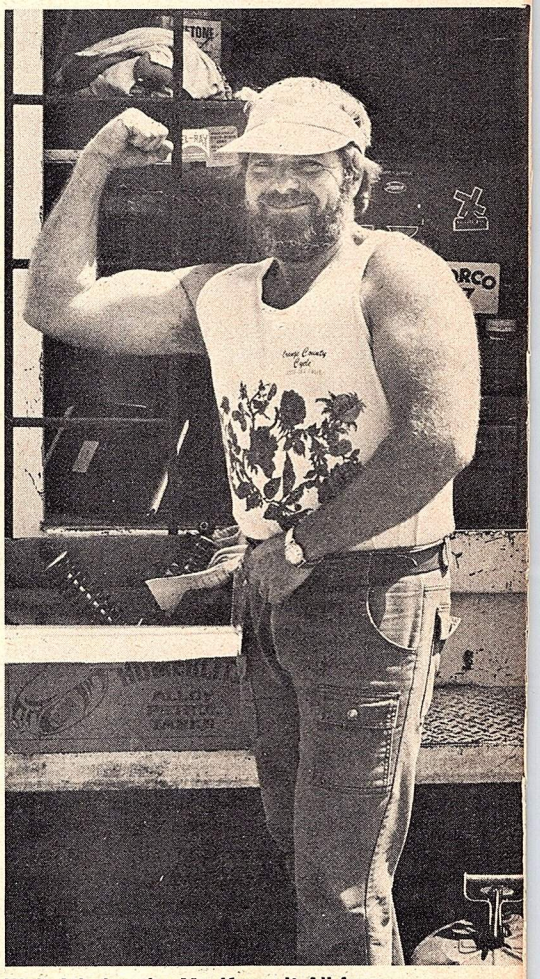
We heard one fence hanger turn to a friend and say, "He'll fade in about three laps. Maximum."

Fade, my ass.

Rex got stronger. Down the long hill, he clearly extended his lead over DeCoster, and as each lap went on, Rex and Roger pulled out further in front of the field. At the fifteen-minute mark, the distance between Rex and Roger stabilized to a three-second spread. Rex was riding like Rex wasn't supposed to ride. Through the dangerous corners, he was taking the conservative lines and neatly squaring off. While Roger was out on the berm flinging his Suzook sideways spectacularly. Rex hit the same spots in every turn, every lap. He rode methodically—coolly. At this point, he seemed to be content to keep his pace and distance and didn't try to stretch it out like the California Flash.

For five more minutes, Rex kept his impeccable performance up. Then, slowly, surely, DeCoster started to pick up a few feet here and a few feet there. Another five minutes and DeCoster was right on his Basset pipe, knocking at the door. Rex rode evasively, but couldn't hold off DeCoster much longer. Roger set him up neatly on a hairpin right hander and stuffed a wheel under the booming CZ, then outdragged him down the next straight.

Wisely, Rex didn't panic, but kept his pace, using the same lines he'd been using the first part of the moto. Down one section, I saw him remove his right



Walt Athelm, the Mr. Know It All from Kawasaki, played the strong arm in pit security.

hand from the grip momentarily and shake his hand. Then, on the next lap, I saw him flexing and unflexing his fingers on the grips. That meant only one thing: hand and forearm cramps. Yet, this was something almost unheard of with Rex Staten. His hands and arms are in rock-hard condition; they don't tire. Strangely, he was still standing up most of the time, which indicated that his body strength was still up. We suspected mechanical problems.

Meanwhile, Wolsink and Lackey started moving up and DeCoster started pulling away. Soon, they were both right on Rex's back, gnawing at him for a weak spot. He held them off cleanly until the last lap. Here, he got tangled up with a rider (we think it was Wolsink), bobbled and almost fell. He saved it, but stalled the bike in the process. By the time he got the CZ fired up, both Wolsink and Lackey had passed him and motored away. Rex held fourth and rode in with no one else really near.

However, the neatest surprise of all happened on that dramatic last lap. In the switchy-swappy happenings of that lap, Lackey moved around Wolsink and situated his Husky right in front of the strong Dutchman. And ended up second to DeCoster in that wild moto!

Fantastic! Two Americans in the top four! DeCoster, first. Lackey, second. Wolsink, third and Rex in fourth. As Rex rolled across the finish line, the crowd gave him a huge hand for his ride, but if they'd known what he'd gone through out there, they'd have gone off their wackers.

Rex rode the entire last half of the moto with two snapped motor mounts. If you've ever ridden a CZ with perfectly good motor mounts, you know that it shakes horribly. And with loose motor mount bolts, it destroys your hands. Yet, here was Rex, riding with the best in the world with a machine that turned his hands and forearms to silly putty. Anyone else would have pulled off the track under those conditions, and no one would have blamed him. But that brave son of a bitch kept it up and rode his heart out.

Back in the pits, Rex had to have help removing his gear. His hands were unfeeling hooks. His forearms were pumped up like cannonballs. From the shoulders down, he was trembling and shaking like he'd just been plugged into a nice 220 outlet. They worked on his arms, rubbed them with ice and moved his fingers around for him. He couldn't even pick up a drink under his own power. And he had to go out there and ride another 45 minutes in a few short hours. They worked on his machine and did some truly half-assed repairs.

People milled around between motos and talked about the happenings. Yeh, Roger sure did look in command out there. Mikkola? Not much. In the top ten, but that was all. Mosier was impressive, finishing right on the tails of the leaders. On last year's equipment. The usual boring halftime crap went on: some fool broad flip-flopping the sky in an airplane. People bought their dogs and took leaks behind bushes. An endless succession of dignitaries and celebs made predictions for Larry Huffman, the race announcer. Huffman is actually starting to shape up. He appears to have done some reading on the subject and actually passed on decent information to the crowd. It must be tough to keep a banter going for the whole time, but somehow, he manages to sound as excited late in the day as when those cords are fresh.

The second International moto start had about a zillion cameras pointed at the first turn. Whoa. What's this? Semics with a hole shot, just like last year. And right on his back, a whole herd of them fast furriners. Unlike Rex's lead, Gary's faded quickly. Even quicker than the one he pulled last



Marty Tripes had a lapse in concentration during practice on Saturday. Here, his front end slips over a berm and washes out. He took a slow speed fall and creamed his shoulder.



After his battle with DeCoster, Rex fought long and hard to hold off Wolsink and Lackey, only to stall his engine on the last lap.





Christer Hammargren rode a steady and uninspired race. He's retiring this year—and not a moment too soon.



Karsmakers chases West, while Stackable chases Karsmakers, while Aberg puts the move on all of them in his favorite spot: the inside line.

year. Semics is in nowhere the condition that Staten is, yet undeniably has the same kind of cat-like talent.

Obviously, Rex was in no shape to do anything, yet he got a decent start and rode the whole moto methodically. Very early in the race, his rear mounts went again. And he went through another one of those unspeakable torture sessions. Through sheer persistence, he hung on and finished 10th.

Wolsink smoked Semics quickly and battled a bit with Pierre Karsmakers on an RC 400 Honda. DeCoster started to move up, but his shocks started going away and he unloaded. This made him ride a bit more cautiously and he finished out of the money, but he did finish. A bad spill on the first lap put Mikkola down and he got re-started dead last. Through sheer persistence, Mikkola worked his way up to fifth place and garnered some of those valuable championship points.

The moto ended simply, with no drama, and a jubilant Wolsink winning, with a strong second place by Pierre. Lackey had fallen out with engine trouble, ending his hopes for an overall win.

Again, Wolsink had won at Carlsbad. Less dramatically than last year, but a win nonetheless.

Thinking back about the whole thing brings us to Rex once more. What if he'd been on a factory Suzuki and Roger had to ride *his* 247-pound CZ. That's right. At weigh-in, with gas, his bike jolted the scales at 247 pounds. His motorcycle was not much trickier than the stuff you see on the starting line in the Junior class on any Sunday. Wolsink may have won the race and Roger may have won the first moto, but Rocket Rex won our respect and admiration.

California Flash?

No way.

California Iron Man. ●

GRAND PRIX RESULTS

500cc GP—1st Moto

1.	Roger DeCoster	Suz
2.	Brad Lackey	Hus
3.	Gerrit Wolsink	Suz
4.	Rex Staten	CZ
5.	Gaylon Mosier	Mai
6.	Bengt Aberg	Bul
7.	Jim Weinert	Yam
8.	Heikki Mikkola	Hus
9.	Kent Howerton	Hus
10.	Pierre Karsmakers	Hon
11.	Steve Stackable	Mai
12.	Bill Grossi	Suz
13.	Tony DiStefano	Suz
14.	Christer Hammargren	Kaw
15.	Jim West	Mai
16.	Mike Runyard	Hus
17.	Rich Thorwaldson	Mai
18.	Gary Semics	Kaw
19.	Mark Blackwell	Hus
20.	Peter Lamppu	CZ
21.	Bill Clements	Hus
22.	Jeff Foland	Pen

500cc GP—Second Moto

1.	Gerrit Wolsink	Suz
2.	Pierre Karsmakers	Hon
3.	Tony DiStefano	Suz
4.	Heikki Mikkola	Hus
5.	Kent Howerton	Hus
6.	Jim Weinert	Yam
7.	Bill Grossi	Suz
8.	Steve Stackable	Mai
9.	Roger DeCoster	Suz
10.	Rex Staten	CZ
11.	Gaylon Mosier	Mai
12.	Jim West	Mai
13.	Rich Thorwaldson	Mai
14.	Peter Lamppu	CZ
15.	Mark Blackwell	Hus
16.	Jeff Foland	Pen

500cc GP Overall

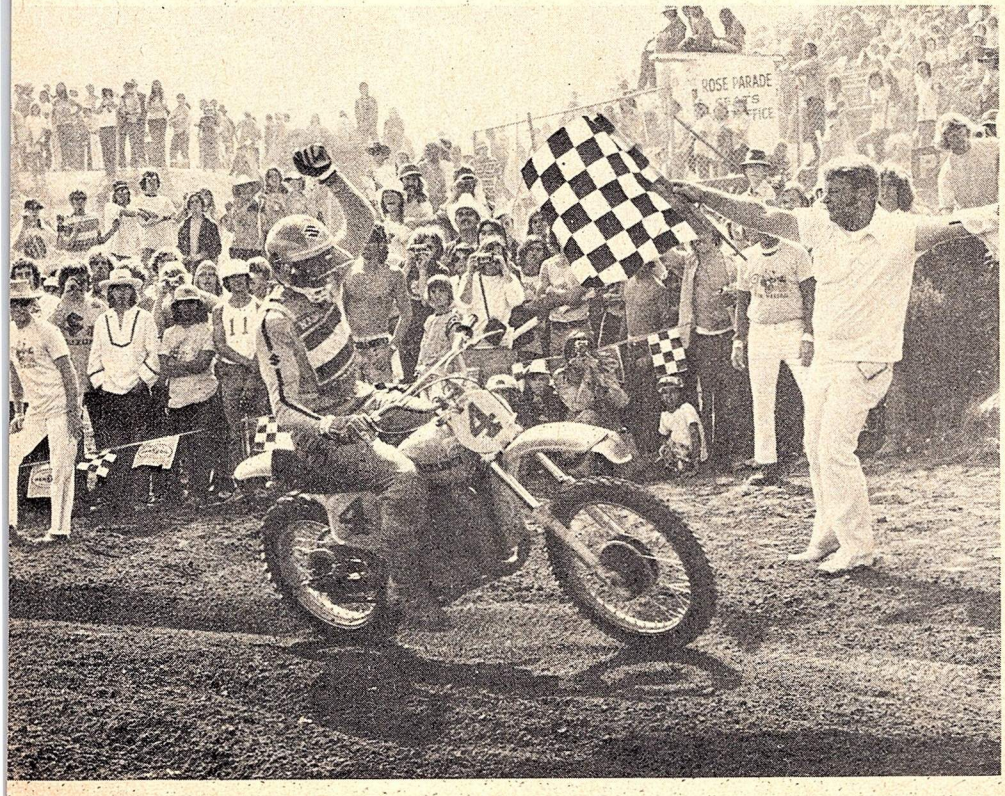
1.	Gerrit Wolsink—Holland	Suz
2.	Roger DeCoster—Belgium	Suz
3.	Pierre Karksmakers—USA	Hon
4.	Heikki Mikkola—Finland	Hus
5.	Jim Weinert—USA	Yam
6.	Kent Howerton—USA	Hus
7.	Rex Staten—USA	CZ
8.	Tony DiStefano—USA	Suz
9.	Gaylon Mosier—USA	Mai
10.	Billy Grossi—USA	Suz
11.	Steve Stackable—USA	Mai
12.	Jim West—USA	Mai
13.	Rich Thorwaldson—USA	Mai
14.	Peter Lamppu—USA	CZ
15.	Mark Blackwell—USA	Hus

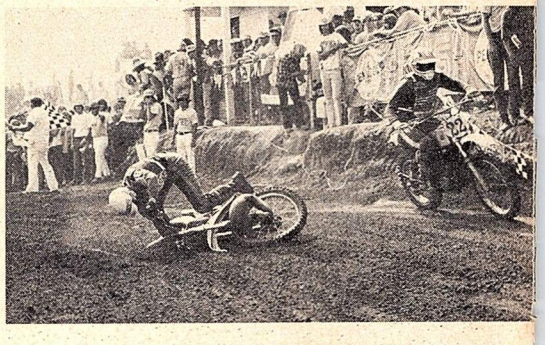
250cc Class Overall

1.	Marty Smith	Hon
2.	Tommy Craft	Hon
3.	Wayne Boyer	CZ
4.	Tim Hart	Yam
5.	Ron Pomeroy	Bul
6.	Gary Wise	Kaw
7.	Jim Turner	Yam
8.	Bruce McDougal	Yam
9.	Milan Garrett	Mon
10.	Kevin Henry	Bul

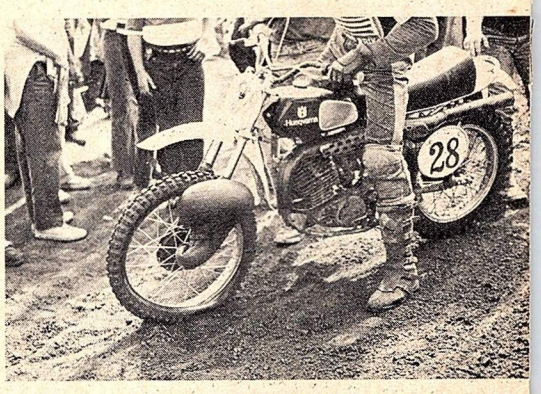
Unofficial World Championship Points

1.	Heikki Mikkola	131
2.	Roger DeCoster	131
3.	Gerrit Wolsink	83
4.	Ake Jonsson	75
5.	Brad Lackey	58
6.	Jaak van Velthoven	58
7.	Bengt Aberg	31
8.	Christer Hammargren	28
9.	Arne Kring	23
10.	Frans Sigmans	15

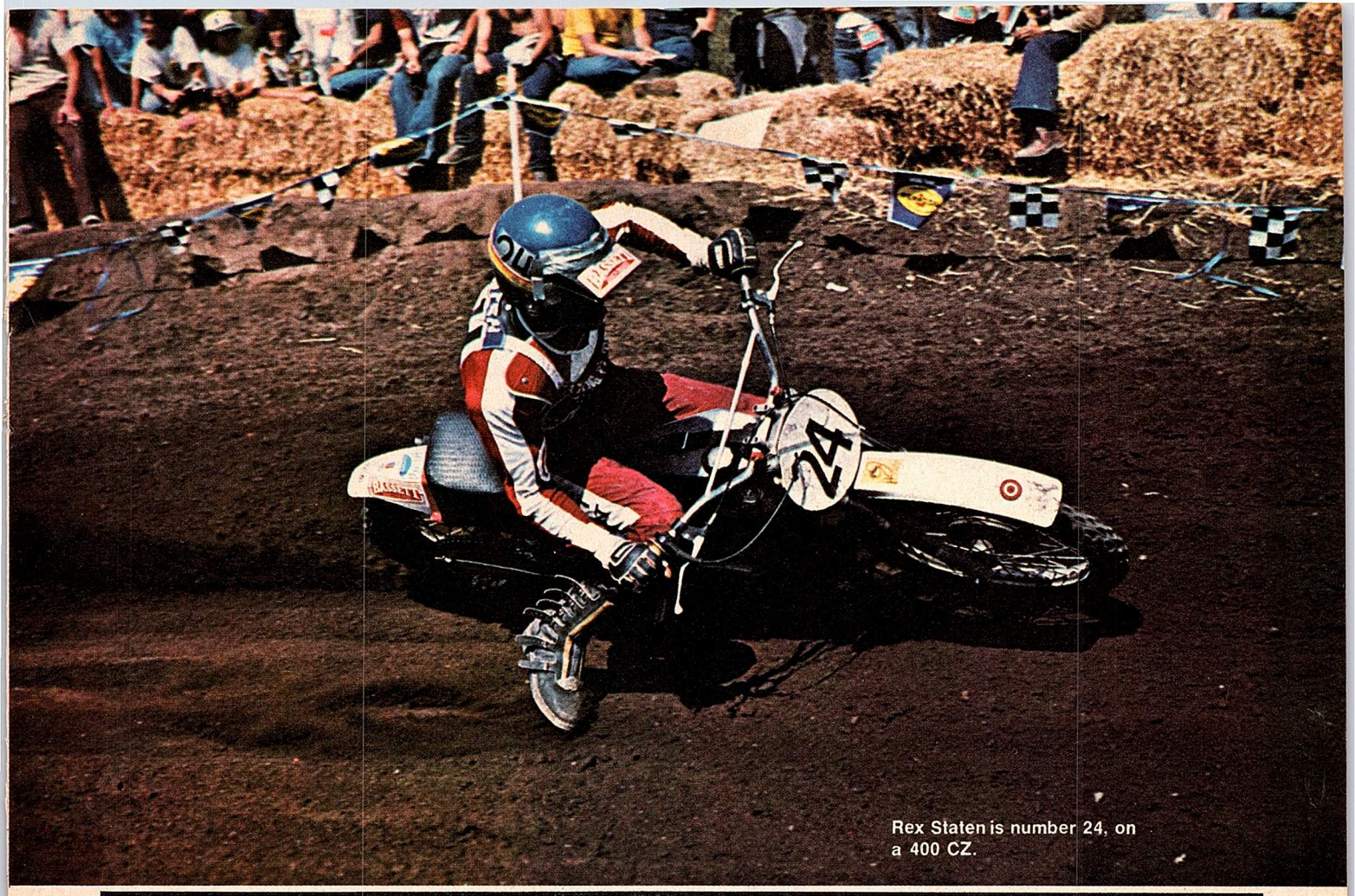




Mike Runyard dumps it right at the finish line. If you wonder why, take a look at the second photo. Mike had no ride on his Open Can-Am ready, so they let him ride a spare Husky. Most sportsmanlike of both sponsors.



Da winnah! Wolsink repeated his victory of last year.



Rex Staten is number 24, on a 400 CZ.



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"DID YA HEAR THE ONE ABOUT . . . ?"

By N. Michel

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Race Track . . .

. . . I GOT THERE

HOLIDAY DOWNS—Palmetto, Georgia (half mile): Eased my van next to a brand-new yellow Mustang fastback pulling an immaculate Bultaco. Couldn't help noticing a young stud strutting importantly around the car in his custom-made leathers. He started to unfasten the trailer, but decided to take the motorcycle off first. After loosening the restraining straps, he stood behind the trailer and eased the bike back. The trailer tipped backward suddenly when the hitch unexpectedly jumped off the ball. Startled, he quickly shoved the motorcycle forward. The trailer moved forward with the bike, and the tongue crashed down on the trunk of his pristine Mustang. Instinctively he yanked his bike back. This time the trailer rolled into his shins and knocked him to the ground. As a final insult, the Bultaco slid off the trailer on top of him.

With bruised ego as well as shins, the deflated jock extracted himself and surveyed the devastation. He shook his head and said, "No telling what the hell might happen if I tried to *crank* her today!"

GREY HODGES PARK—Dothan, Alabama (short track): Finagled a ride out to the track with my friend John and his wife. A steady drizzle had turned the track into mud too slippery for safe flat track racing. While I helped John unload his Kawasaki, he confided that his old lady was late that month. He declared he'd rather break a leg than have her be pregnant. It wasn't two hours later that John slid out in the goo at turn three and twisted the ligaments in his knee badly enough to put his leg in a cast for eight weeks.

His wife didn't see him fall. She had grown uncomfortable with menstrual cramps and was searching in the pick-up's glove compartment for a bottle of aspirin when he went down.

HOLIDAY DOWNS—Palmetto, Georgia (half mile): We called Nat Dixon "Old Dix"—he was at least 30, and that made him old in our eyes. Old Dix told Jim and me (I was in the pits as Jim's mechanic) that if he didn't win his heat and feature today, the finance company was going to repossess his van. In the last lap of the heat race, he was running in second place about twenty yards behind Ray Little. He tried to make it all up and hit the guard rail on turn four. The impact sent him rolling back across the track, almost to the edge of the infield where I was standing.

"You okay, Dix?" I asked.

"Yeah, I'm okay," he replied.

"You'd better get off the track—some riders still coming by."

"Can't move," he said. "Think my leg's broke down by my ankle."

I thought he was kidding. "But you just said you were all right."

"I meant there's nothing serious wrong," he said.

A crowd had gathered around us. One guy whipped out a knife and cut Dix's boot off. Sure enough, I could see his leg was broken.

A long haired, amply endowed girl climbed into the ambulance with Old Dix, and I wagered that break wouldn't keep him down for long. But that was the last we saw of him around the tracks for quite a while.

About a year later I saw Old Dix at the same race track flanked by a brand new van and a pair of brand new Trackmaster-BSAs. Dying with curiosity, I couldn't wait to get the scoop. Turned out the good looking gal in the ambulance was a topless dancer who made $800 a week, and Old Dix had married her.

FREEMAN'S SHORT TRACK—Talladega, Alabama (short track): Dust blowing on everything. A late-arriving couple paused at an unoccupied space on the bleachers in front of me. Their too-obvious infatuation with each other had already attracted nearly everyone's attention. She clung to his arm and whispered little comments in his ear which he found uproariously funny. They wore matching blue tee-shirts with black letters which read HIS and HIS TOO. Her shirt revealed unmistakably that she was braless. She was not as young as she first appeared to be, but her firm figure and carefully made up face created a pleasant enough illusion. He was fifty-ish, with receding, wiry black hair gone grey at the temples and a protruding stomach which formed a distinct shelf beneath the letters on his shirt.

With obvious disrelish, she brushed the dust off the seats and then wiped her hands on her white hot pants.

I had to smile at the inconsistency. The man behind me, a complete stranger, tapped me on the shoulder. "Now, did that make sense?" he asked.

GREY HODGES PARK—Dothan, Alabama (motocross): A young rider sailed over the side of a jump and landed headfirst in an adjacent cornfield. Fearing the worst, he lay on his back moaning, "I can't see, I can't see." A spectator, first to reach the fallen rider, quickly took stock of the situation. "Your eyes are closed," he sagely observed.

DAYTONA INTERNATIONAL SPEEDWAY — Daytona Beach, Florida (road race): An acquaintance named Peter was bragging at a late motel bull session how he had got even with his buddy, Al. Al had nearly got them into a scrape with an irate farmer. He had invited Pete to pick some oranges from a friend's orange grove. Upon arriving at the grove, Pete picked a dozen and put them in a paper bag, but Al wasn't satisfied until the trunk of Pete's car was three layers deep in oranges. It occurred to Pete that Al had simply chosen a grove at random when the grower was seen approaching in the distance, angrily waving a shotgun.

They were to ride out to the Speedway together the next morning, and Al arrived accompanied by a young lady of abundant proportions whom he had met the evening before. He had told her he could get her into the race for nothing, and seeing his picture in the program as one of last year's expert riders had convinced her. It wasn't until they were on the way to the track, that she realized Al meant to sneak her through the tunnel by hiding her in the trunk of Pete's imported sedan.

Faced with a long walk home in a strange town as the only alternative, she resignedly curled up on top of the oranges in the trunk when they stopped a couple miles from the track. Al considered the possibilities, winked at Pete, and crawled in with her. Pete, seeing possibilities too, cut doughnuts in every gravel parking lot and crossed the railroad track seven times before finally reaching the Speedway via a very circuitous route.

TRI STATE MOTO CROSS RACEWAY—Iron City, Georgia (motocross): The local hot dog (he'd hold a wheelie down the last straight and across the finish line every time he won, which was most of the time) highsided his CZ after crossing it up in mid-air. Some of the guys in the pits, eager for a chance to razz him, ran over to where he lay sprawled in the dust. The first one to reach him pulled off his helmet.

"Ow, my ears!" protested the show-off.

"Just pucker them up," came the reply.

"What hurts?" asked another.

"My leg."

"I'll just twist it all the way around and it'll be okay."

The exhibitionist pouted. "I could be dying and you guys would sit there laughing."

Another buddy chimed in. "Quick, someone cut his hair before he gets up."

His father ran up. "Somebody start that motor," he ordered. Then he turned to his son. "Jumped off a little early, didn't you, boy?"

Not an ounce of sympathy, even from his old man.

ALABAMA INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPEEDWAY—Talladega, Alabama (road race): Rumor had it that the Outlaws from Chicago, already camped at the Speedway, were to clash that night with a rival club, the Galloping Geese, and possibly a second group, the Pagans. The Geese and Pagans never showed up, but by morning there were numerous complaints of assaults, harrassments, and robberies against the Outlaws. They reportedly stole several motorcycles, a large number of helmets, and a variety of other accessories.

When I woke that morning, a long line of squad cars and a school bus filled with State Troopers were snaking their way up the road toward the Outlaws' camp. By the time I had dressed and joined the crowd of spectators, the police had surrounded the camp and were frisking the members before loading them into a closed-in semi-trailer for the trip downtown.

One bearded bystander dressed in the regalia of another motorcycle club called to a policeman across the small ravine which separated the crowd from the camp. He wanted his helmet, which he spied among the gang's loot. One of the Outlaws invited him to come over and get it. There ensued an exchange of shouted remarks which became more and more vulgar. The crowd listened without apparent emotion to the gross obscenities, until the aggrieved spectator hollered, "Go on home, you damn yankees!" A spontaneous shout of approval rose from the rebel crowd. Yankee was evidently a worse insult than any other epithet the man could utter.

When the spectator continued to blatantly demand the return of his helmet, two policemen came over and charged him with disorderly conduct. I last saw him pleading (unsuccessfully) that he not be put in the semi with the other gang. I have often wondered if, by the time the rig reached the courthouse, there was anything left of that poor devil to put in jail. ●

FRAME

(Continued from page 17)

of the lower mount. If it's 9" from the end of the arm, then you're okay. Ours was, so we didn't have to do any cutting. Place the shocks in their place and line up the shock mounting tabs. Our mounts required some bending, so yours probably will, too. Once you have the mounts bent properly, make the hole for the shock mounting 6½" down from the top tube and 6½" back from the original up-swept tube. This should put the mount in about one inch down and back from the corner of the two new tubes. After determining the proper position, tack the mounts in place. Both shocks should be in place when doing this step. This way, there will be no binding on the shocks. Make sure the shocks are running straight up and down. They should not be subjected to any side loads, either. After proper position is determined, weld the mounts in place. A gusset should be placed at the junction of the new up-swept tube and the seat base tubes. This is to reduce the chances of frame breakage. After all of the welding is completed, you should take a large torch and heat all areas around where you've welded. This will get the molecules in the metal pointing the same way again. If you don't do this, you'll have a problem with frame breakage.

Fitting an air box to this new frame is a slight problem. Jim O'Neal Distributing has an air box that fits very well and is also very light.

When we rode the bike, we were surprised to find that there actually is a difference in the way the thing handles. Instead of the jolts going through the seat as the forward mount frame does, it transfers the thrust to the steering head. If you don't have a strap around the steering head yet, you'd better install one. See December *Modern Cycle* for that information. With the shocks mounted in this semi-laid down position, the bushings in the shocks tend to wear out much quicker than with the other mount. You should keep a close eye on these, otherwise the shocks will fail. We ended up with a 125 lb. spring over a set of Fox Shox. The rear end has 7.5" of the best travel ever. Maybe this will be the new hop tip for rear suspensions. If you want to get it done, call: Billy Payne's California Moto Sports, 7801 Canoga Avenue, Canoga Park, CA 91304 (213) 884-8594. The price is right around $140.00. Note: They also have the air boxes. ●



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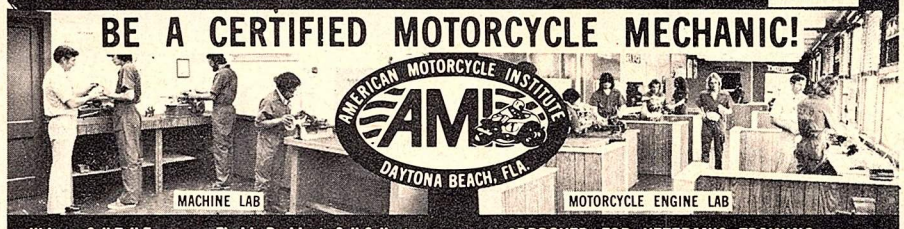
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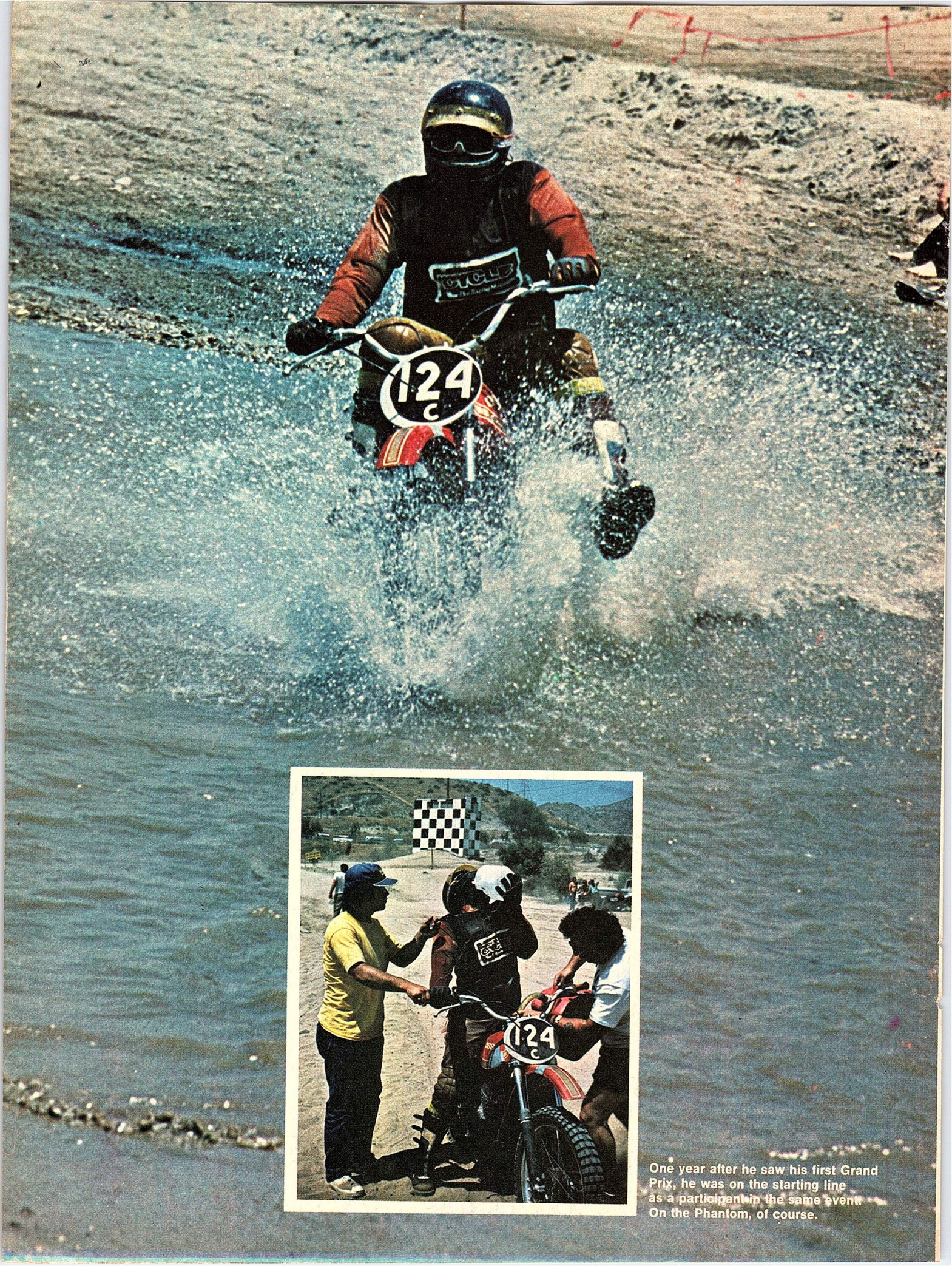
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One year after he saw his first Grand Prix, he was on the starting line as a participant in the same event. On the Phantom, of course.

SIX MONTH RACE TEST

LIVING WITH THE DESERT PHANTOM

It beats the hell out of humping a Stilleto.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We've been using Big Jim as a combination friend/tester for a year or so now. Most of his riding experience has been on the street (15 years), but since the racing bug got in his shorts, he's been hitting it every weekend.

We value his opinions as a beginning rider, and get a different point of view in addition to the input of our own crew of regular experts. Not everyone is an expert, and if a beginner says that one bike is easier for him to ride than another, then that must be taken into consideration in the test write-up.

He's been on most of the test machines that we've had and even raced a few of them. He's also an excellent mechanic and a first rate welder and even used to race dirt track cars. And, at 6'2" and 200 pounds, he's an excellent deterrent for pit racers. By the way, his chopper is sitting in his garage rusting quietly away. Sad.

By Big Jim Lernihan

I've been sitting here thinking how to write this story and I guess I'll start by telling you how I was picked to do this test.

I live on a little quiet street in Granada Hills, spending most of my days riding my chopper.

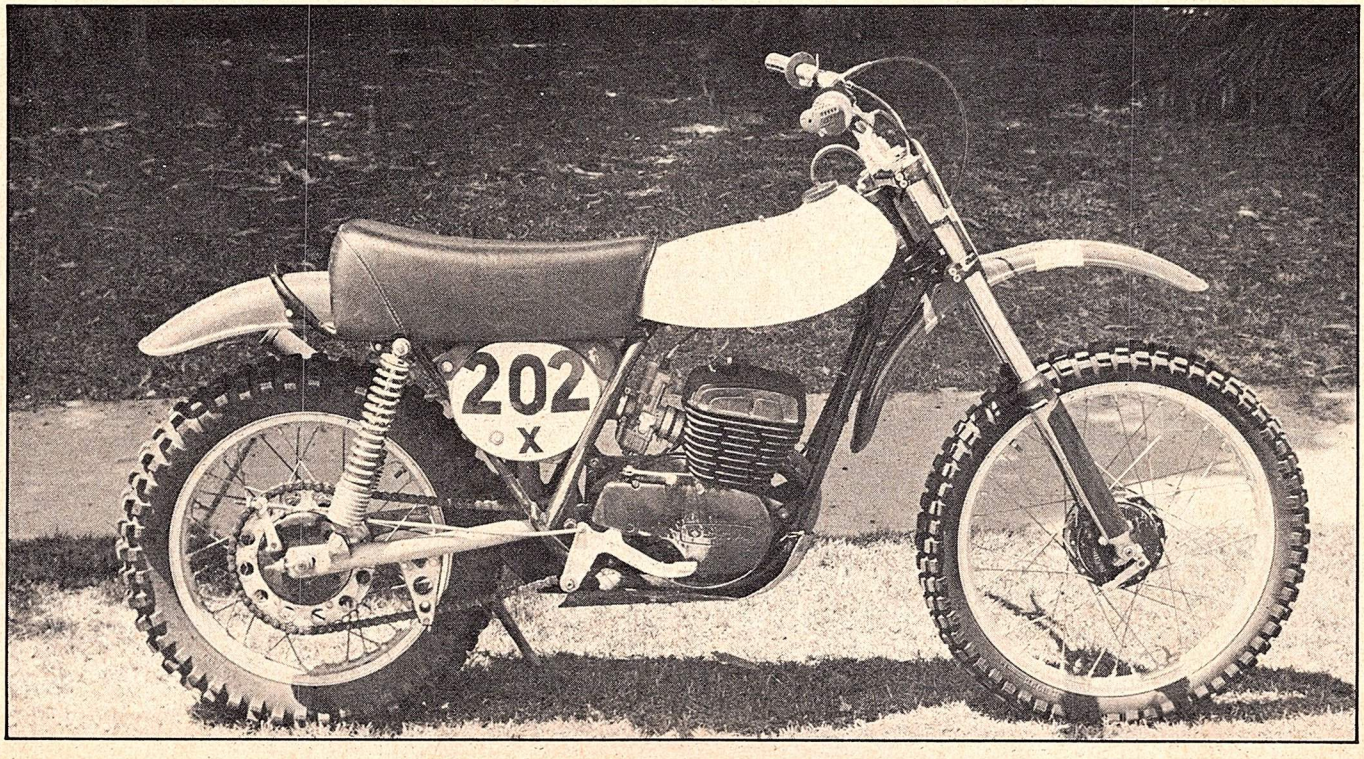
One day, I was working on my chopper, when I heard someone walking up my driveway. It sounded like he had 4x4s laced to his feet. Looking up, I saw a funny looking straight dude standing there. I thought at first he was going to try and sell me some tickets to the local V.F.W. dance. So in my normal friendly biker way, I asked "What do *you* want?"

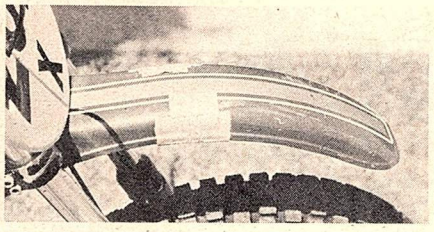
Sticking his hand out to shake hands and blurting out at the same time, "I'm Rick Sieman, Editor for some bike magazine," so I shook his hand and thinking to myself, what kind of a biker could this guy be?

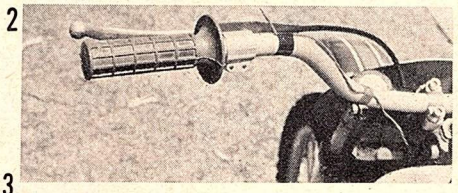
I asked "What kind of a chopper do you ride?" "I ride a dirt bike," he said. "Oh, you're one of those assholes that run up and down the street all hours of the day and night and go running through the hills making a lot of dust?" "No," he said, with a frown on his face as he turned and walked down my driveway and left. I checked my garage floor for wood chips from those funny wood shoes he wore.

So, then that's when it all started. Everytime I turned around, he was there trying to sell me that riding a dirt bike is fun, and me trying to sell him that a chopper was the only way to go. For about 6 months we argued this point.

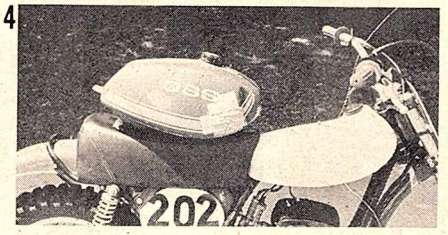
Then one day he asked me if I wanted to go out with him and watch some motocross with him and Tom Fiala. I said yes and that was my mistake. From the first time I saw

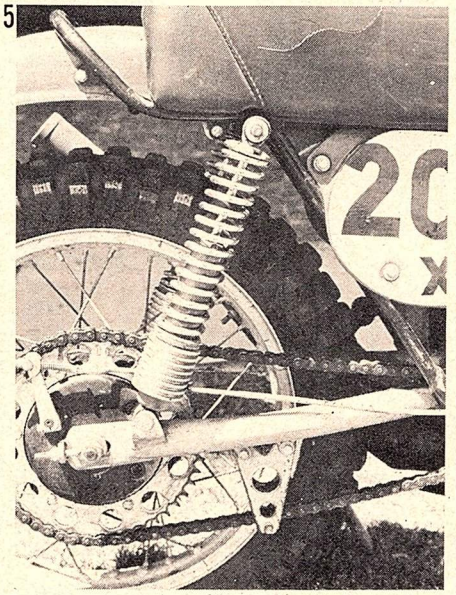












1 **Front fender cracked early, but again, the wonder tape did the job for the duration.**

2 **DIRT RIDER Magazine creamed the stock bars while testing, so Jim installed a set of solid aluminum jobs.**

3 **Single biggest gain in performance came from the Mid-Valley pipe. It's quieter, too.**

4 **Duct tape was put on the hole in the glass tank as a temporary repair. Six months worth of temporary. Eventually, he changed the tank for a trick plastic unit from Mid Valley CZ. He still keeps the large capacity glass tank for longer races.**

5 **Boge shocks with slip on coolers gave the DP a decent rear suspension.**

the gate drop and all of those damned fools racing for the first turn, I said, "What a turn on this is!" So, after watching the race for the rest of the day, Rick asked me if I wanted to ride the Montesa they were testing? "Sure," I replied, "this is going to be easy." It wasn't easy, but it sure was exciting.

Rick turned me on to this D.T. 1 and I rode it for a few weeks. Then Rick did it to me again. "How would you like to race at the Ponderosa?" "Sure," I said. I raced and finished it, even though I felt like I had been run over by a truck. After riding the D.T. 1 for a month, I wanted something just a little bit faster.

I went and bought a Stilleto. I had the Stilleto for about two weeks, when Rick did it to me again. "How would you like to race motocross this weekend?" I said, "Sure," because I had been out practicing at Valley Cycle Park for about three weeks. This is going to be easy for me, but that Sunday morning came too quick and all of a sudden, I was one of those damn fools. From that Sunday on, I tried to race as much as possible. It seemed that every Sunday I was getting hurt and I was just about to give the whole thing up after an ankle, shoulder, then a knee injury (which kept me from riding for 3 months). So I was ready to give it up when, GUESS WHAT? Rick did it to me again.

"Hey man, come up to my garage and see this new Ossa Desert Phantom we're testing." It was the prettiest motorcycle I'd ever seen. He asked me how I would like to race this motorcycle? "No, I think I'm going to quit, but I would like to ride it on a play day, though." "Sure," he replied, "we're are going to the Ponderosa tomorrow."

The next morning, we left for the Ponderosa. It sure was a good day to play. I rode the Desert Phantom all that day and I started to feel that maybe I might not quit just yet. When we got back home he asked me if I would like to race this Sunday? I said to myself, hey self, one more race wouldn't hurt. So, I raced the Desert Phantom that Sunday and I didn't fall even once the whole day. For me, that's pretty good. I usually fall 3 to 4 times good and hard on a race day.

Wow, I thought to myself. Maybe it *is* the bike I've been riding!

I decided that I would like to try the Desert Phantom again and asked Rick to let me race the Desert Phantom next Sunday at Rawhide. "I can't," he said, "Dirt Rider is testing it now." I was going to back out of the race, but I didn't. I went ahead and raced my Stilleto that Sunday and crashed 3 or 4 times as usual.

One week later, we were all sitting in Modern Cycle's office talking about the Ossa Desert Phantom test. When I asked Rick to try to get the Ossa for a 6 months test, he called Yankee for the okay. Yankee agreed, saying that we had to properly maintain the bike. Rick turned around and said, "Hey, Big Jim. How would you like to test the Desert Phantom for the 6 months test?" Sure, knowing that I wanted to ride the bike again.

I asked, "why me for the test?" Jim Mercier said, "Well, most long tests are done by guys who have been riding for a long time and often they're locked into what works for them and they don't always judge with an open mind."

So, I loaded the Desert Phantom into my van and took it home and started planning what I was going to do with the bike for the next 6 months. I decided to ride the Desert Phantom as many days of the week as I could. I'm not only Big Jim for *Modern Cycle,* but I'm also a carpenter. Since the construction trade was slow for about a 6 month period, I had time off work. I took this time to ride the bike on a average of 3 days a week for this 6 months period.

This is what I have learned from the Desert Phantom in the time I have lived with it.

Some of the places I rode at were the Ponderosa (a desert course) Valley Cycle Park (motocross), SaddleBack, Rawhide and worst of all, our own private test track, which is like the dark side of the moon, with snakes, bushes, and lizards. During all this riding, I realized that the Desert Phantom was not just a pretty bike.

The light weight makes the bike easy to ride and it is not near as tiring as the 230 to 240 lbs of motorcycles I have ridden. I have found that the more times I have ridden the bike, the faster I have gotten, because the Phantom is a forgiving motorcycle. The bike has the ability to turn very quickly. You just have to turn the throttle a little quicker

than you would think. Ossa helps you out by having it equipped with a less than quarter turn throttle, which a lot of people say is not very easy to ride with, but I have found it to be *much* easier.

The Phantom has a wide ratio gearbox, which enables you to fly across open areas of the desert at high rates of speed and yet you can drop down to the low gear and pick your way up a rock filled hill.

The power of the bike is spread out over a wide power band, so when you make a mistake in choosing a gear, 95% of the time it doesn't cause you any big problem. With this type of power, the Desert Phantom is one of the most all around motorcycles I have ever ridden. I found that there were a few changes I had to do to the Phantom to make the bike more comfortable to ride. The first was to change the fork oil in the forks to a Bel-Ray 20W, or Molly Blue medium. Other than that the forks are fine with the slight tendency to ride a little rough on the small bumps, but when the big ones come along, they really work good. As long as we are on suspension, we might as well mention the shocks. I think Ossa did the bike a great injustice by putting the Betor shocks on, because they do not live that long and when they go away, it is miserable. If it wasn't for plush saddle, the ride would have been totally grim. I changed shocks, which is something you would have to do if you bought a Phantom. There are several ways to go, which I will get into later.

I found the brakes on the Phantom to be sufficient for any kind of riding that you would like to do. I also found that it pays to take your wheels off and clean the brake hubs from excess dirt and sand the shoes, which keep your brakes working good. I had a problem with the shifting going into 3rd gear on the bike. It was always missing, or popping out of 3rd gear. Everyone I asked kept on telling me that was just the way the bike was. I just didn't think this was a good enough answer, so I took the Phantom to a local Ossa dealer, Andy De La Torre, at Mid Valley Cycles.

Andy took the transmission apart and the first thing we found was that somebody gave me the wrong information on what weight oil to run. I was running 30W motor oil, when I should have been running 90W gear oil. Then we found the problem in the shifting. There was a sacked detent spring that was quickly replaced. Then I took the bike home and rode it the next day and found that the shifting problem had been solved.

Maintaining the Phantom is not a hard job; just check the tightness of the nuts and bolts throughout the bike. The one real problem at the first, is that the Ossa has stainless steel spokes with light aluminum nipples and they tend to loosen up a lot, but if you keep an eye on them and keep them tightened properly, they will eventually seat in and this problem will go away.

The tires the Ossa comes equipped with are Pirellis, which I found *not* to be the best tires to race in the California desert. There just isn't any mud in the desert and the California Motocross courses are usually dry and hard baked surfaces on which you are trying to fight to keep traction. You can still ride with them until they wear out. Sort of.

The fiberglass fenders and tank I have had on the bike for the last 6 months are vulnerable to cracks and punctures. The 3rd Sunday I had the bike out, I was in a pile-up in the first turn at Valley Cycle park and another rider's clutch lever punctured the gas tank. I still finished the race, but I had gas pouring into my boots and all down my leathers. I pulled into the pits screaming to Rick, "Look what those bastards did to my tank!" It looked like that I wasn't going to be able to finish the race that day, but then I got a idea to try some ducktape. We cleaned the tank off with some Bel-ray point and contact cleaner. The hole in the tank was about the size of a quarter. So, we taped it up with the ducktape for a temporary repair, and six months later I was still using ducktape on the tank. If you have a crack on the fenders, it works quite well there, too.

The pipe worked well at first, but the silencer plugs up and robs the bike of horsepower, besides having an obnoxious sound. After about 4 months, I changed pipes and used a Mid-Valley pipe (which Andy De La Torre makes), which makes the bike a lot more quieter and gives the bike much more grunt in each gear.

The Ossa Desert Phantom comes equipped with a paper filter and a foam rubber boot and the filter works okay with proper care. By cleaning the foam rubber boot about every 2nd or 3rd ride, the paper filter lasted about 4½ months before I changed it.

I could sit here and dazzle you with all kinds of technical data and fancy terminology to impress you with the Desert Phantom, but that is not how I feel about the machine. I'm going to tell you just how I set my Phantom up, which was very little.

First, I had to do to my forks (change the oil). I put on a set of Boge shocks with LT 300 oil and a set of 95 lb. springs. There are several ways to go on the Desert Phantom; the Boges work fine, giving you a good ride, but here is something to think about. By using a set of Curnutt long travel shocks, you will get 7 inches of travel in the rear *without* a frame cut.

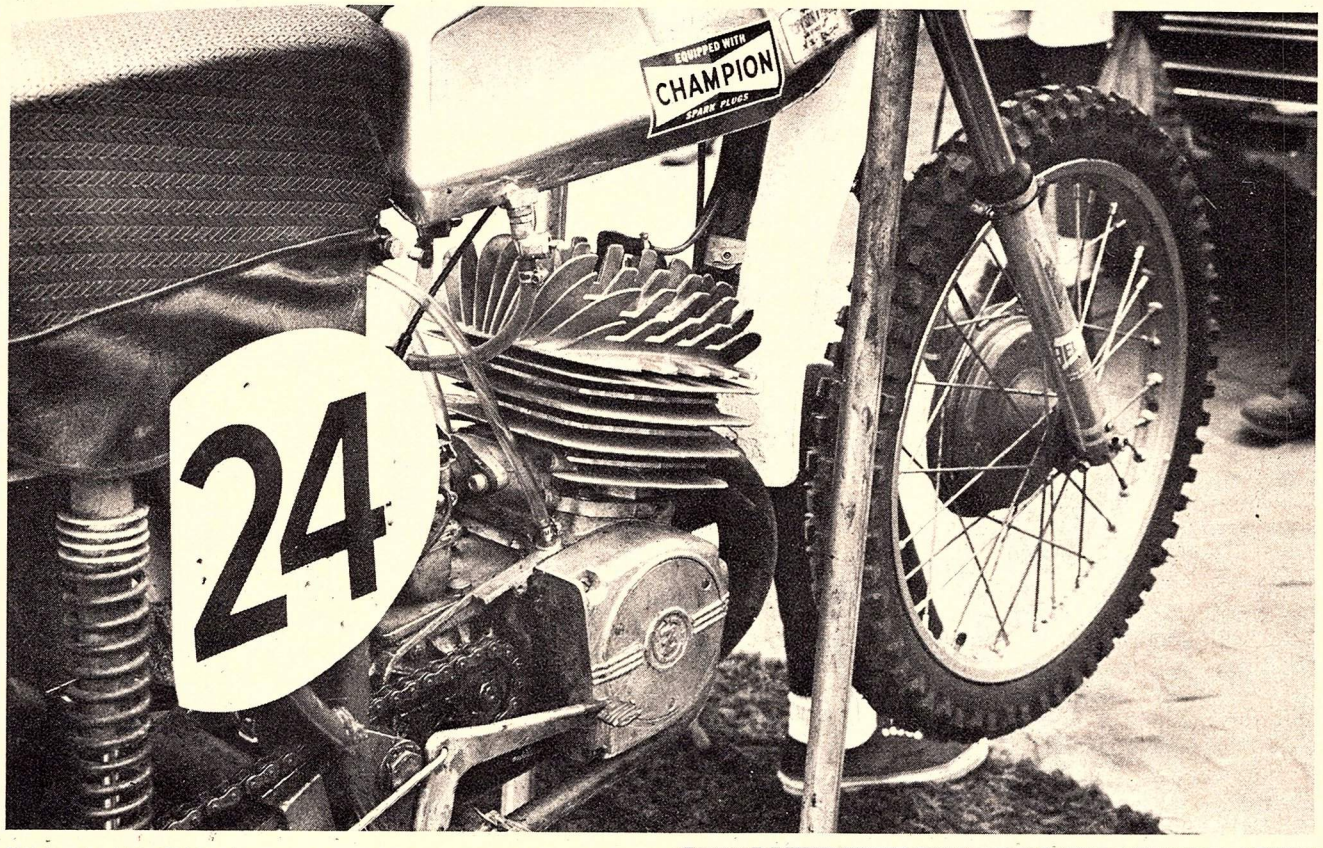
I changed the pipe to a Mid-Valley pipe I have also since changed the filter to a Phase-2 filter, which works fantastically. You will also find by removing the Pirellis and putting a Full Bore on the front (315/21) and a 450/18 Metzeler on the rear, it works better. These are the only changes I have made on the bike since I got it.

A year ago, May 31, 1974, I stood at the top of a nasty, gnarly down hill, just watching the 500 novice class of the Viewfinders Grand Prix, which runs about two hours long over razor backs, dust filled down hills, sand washes, miles of sandy whoop-de-dos and deep water crossings. As I watched this, I turned to Rick Sieman and said that next year, I was going to race and finish this race. He just laughed and asked, "How do you think you're going to do this?" I replied, "Just watch me."

Well, on May 31, 1975, I was sitting on the starting line of the Viewfinders Grand Prix line, along with 280 other riders. From the time the banner dropped, I had all the confidence in the world that the Desert Phantom would finish the race. The Viewfinders course contains about 6 water crossings per lap and each one I went thru, I saw better riders than myself sitting there kicking their guts out, trying to get their bikes started. Crossing after crossing, it was the same thing, but the Ossa never missed a beat. Two hours later, the checkered flag was thrown and I had finally achieved my goal. Knowing full well that the test was over, brought a slight dampening to my achievement, because I had grown to dig the Desert Phantom. It had given me 6 months of fun.

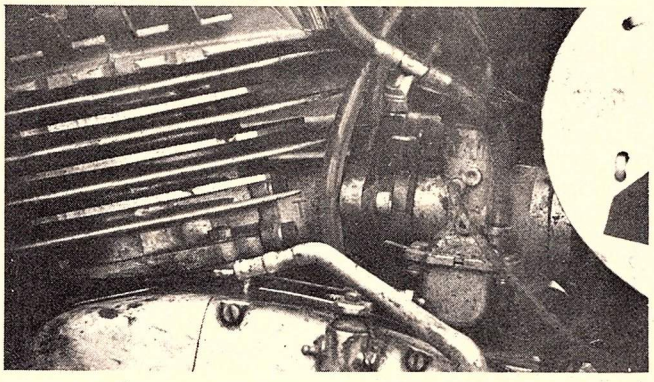
When I received the results from the Viewfinders, I found that I had finished in the top 60s. I knew then if it were possible, I wanted to buy the bike. So, I went to Rick Sieman and asked him if there were any way to buy the bike from Yankee? He called Yankee and asked them. They agreed. I bought it. Sure, I got it for a good price. But, you know what? If they wouldn't have sold me that one, I would have gone down and paid full retail for a new one. Now, that's an affair. ●

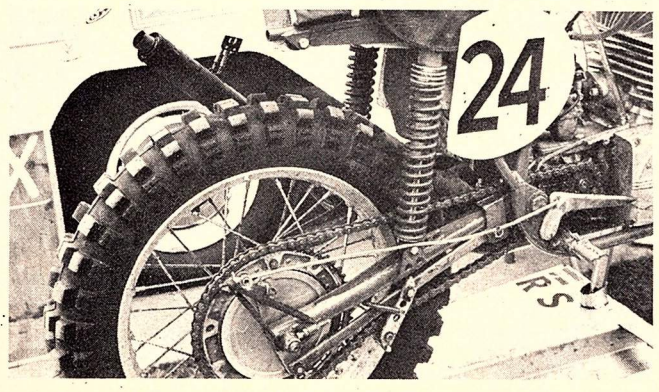
REX STATEN'S 400 CZ

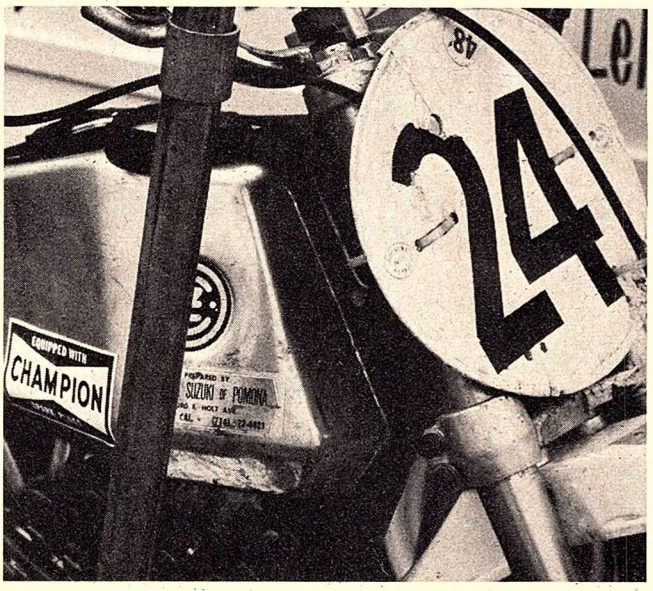


Staten's 400 CZ had a late four-finned 400 motor with some aluminum milled off for lightness. The engine itself was not far from stock. Tank was stock and seat was built up to Rex's specs.

Large Mikuni carb replaced Jikov carb. Stock PAL plug was used. Rear motor mounts broke in first moto and disintegrated in second moto. Bike weighed in at a whopping 247 pounds.







CZ made Rex take off his Maico forks and run CZ forks. During the race, we saw these gas forks which are a far cry from stock. Top triple clamp was inferior stock item that allowed a great deal of flex; bottom unit was special two-pinch-bolt unit.

Rear of the 400 featured blue-bodied Girling gas shocks with very heavy springs and four pre-load spacers. Top mount was stock and bottom mount moved forward for increased travel. Stock CZ rear end only puts out 5½ inches of travel; Rex's featured almost 7½". Rear tire was a Barum and both wheels were DID rimmed. Additional changes featured Basset expansion chamber, custom swingarm (it looked a lot like a Pro-Fab), special chain tensioner and very heavy stock hubs front and rear.

CLOSE LOOK AT THE RACING EQUIPMENT

THE BIKES

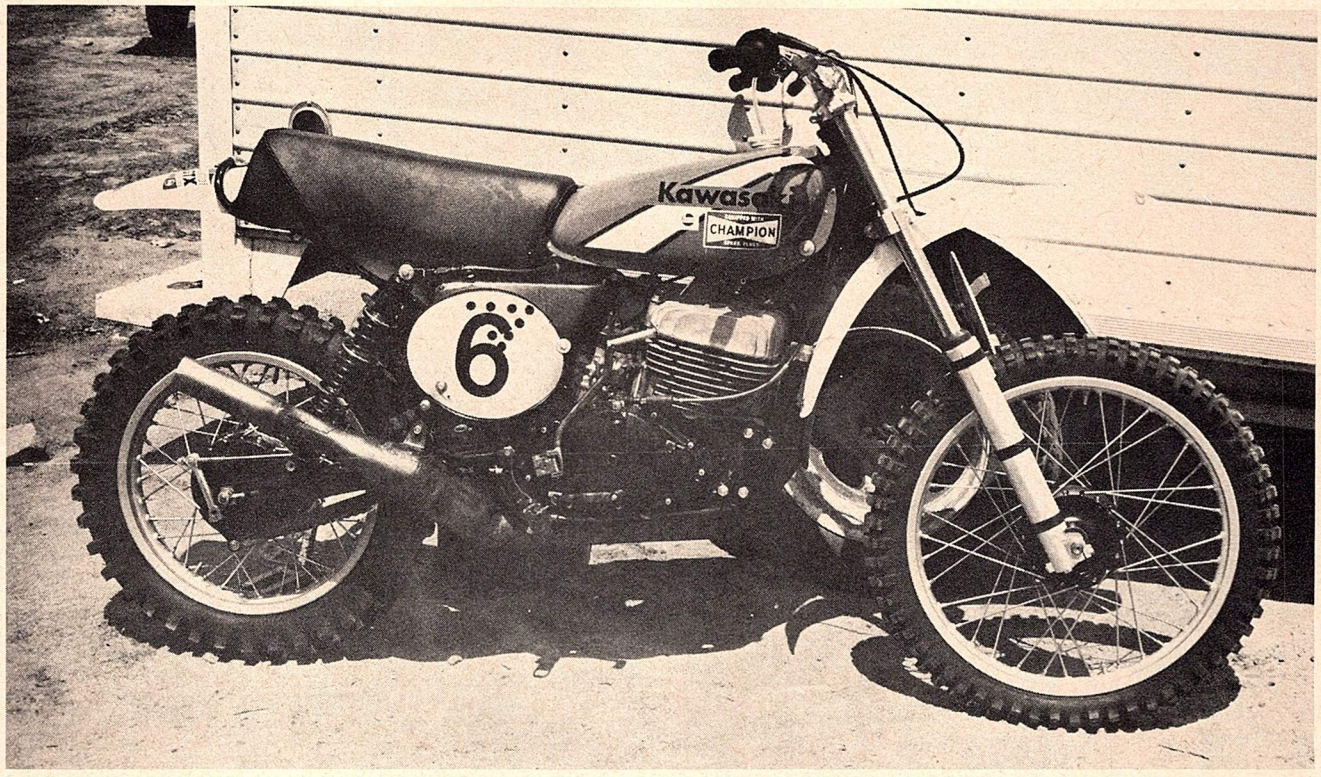
If you couldn't get in the pits, here's what you missed.

By the Editors of MC

Roger DeCoster looked strong, but had his usual share of mechanicals.

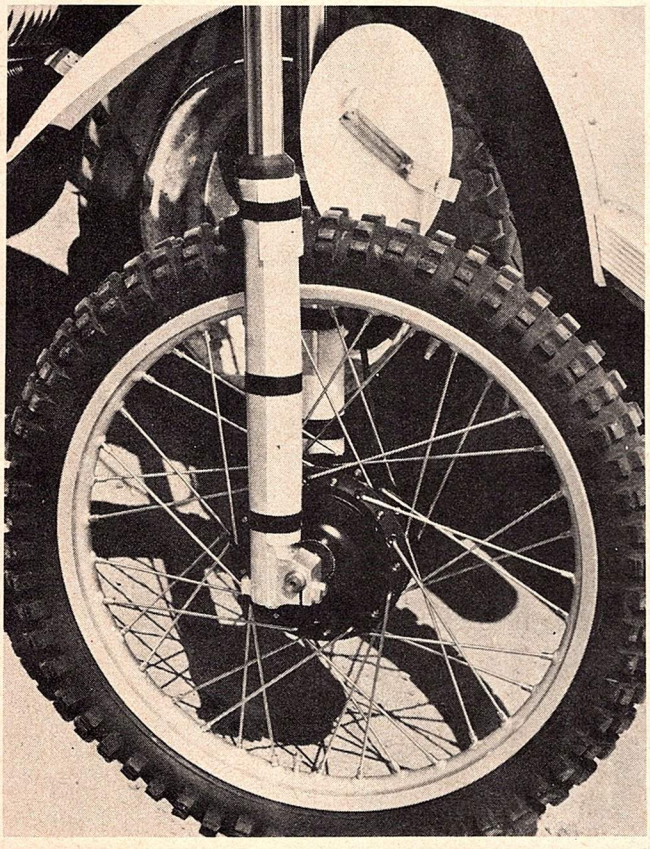


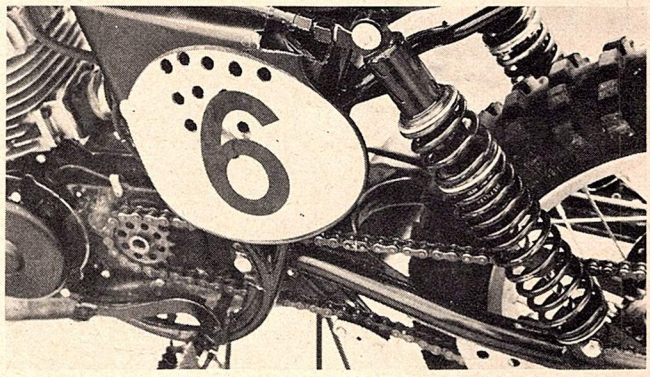
CHRISTER HAMMARGREN'S 400 KAWASAKI



Hammergren's Kaw was different than the American machines. Metzeler 110/90x18 was on rear (equivalent to 4.75x18) and a 3.00x21 Dunlop Sports Senior on the front.

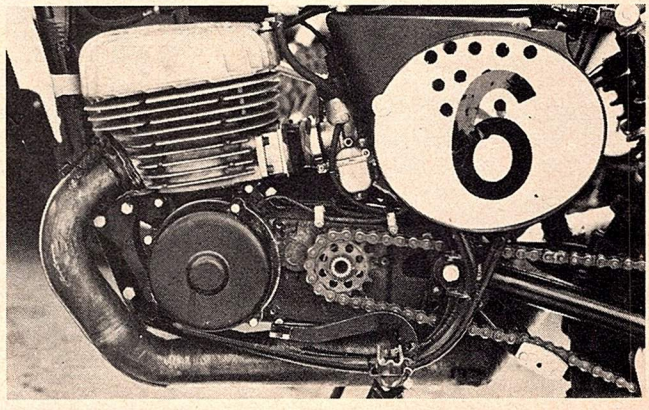
Axle was mounted forward of the sliders, but damper assembly was carried fairly high in slider compared to current practice among the Maico copiers.

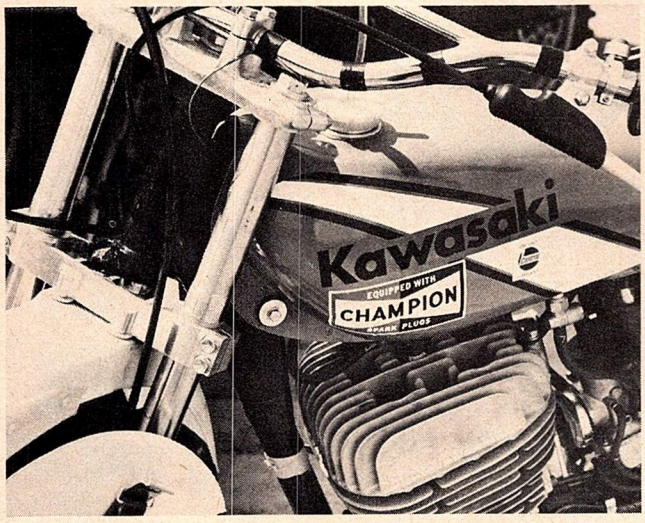




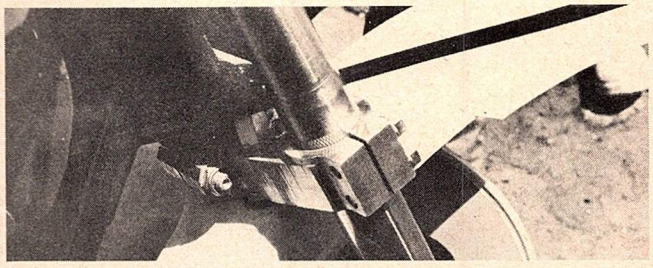
Kayaba gas shocks were used, with remote reservoirs. Healthy engine had a huge reed with large Mikuni carb. We'd guess 38 to 40 mm.

Engine was very light, with small button mag and much magnesium. Take a close look . . . this Kaw shifts on the right hand side and brakes on the left. He was a Husky rider for years and never adapted to the change in shifting. Brake is rod operated; has cross-over behind engine to eliminate slop of most long cables.



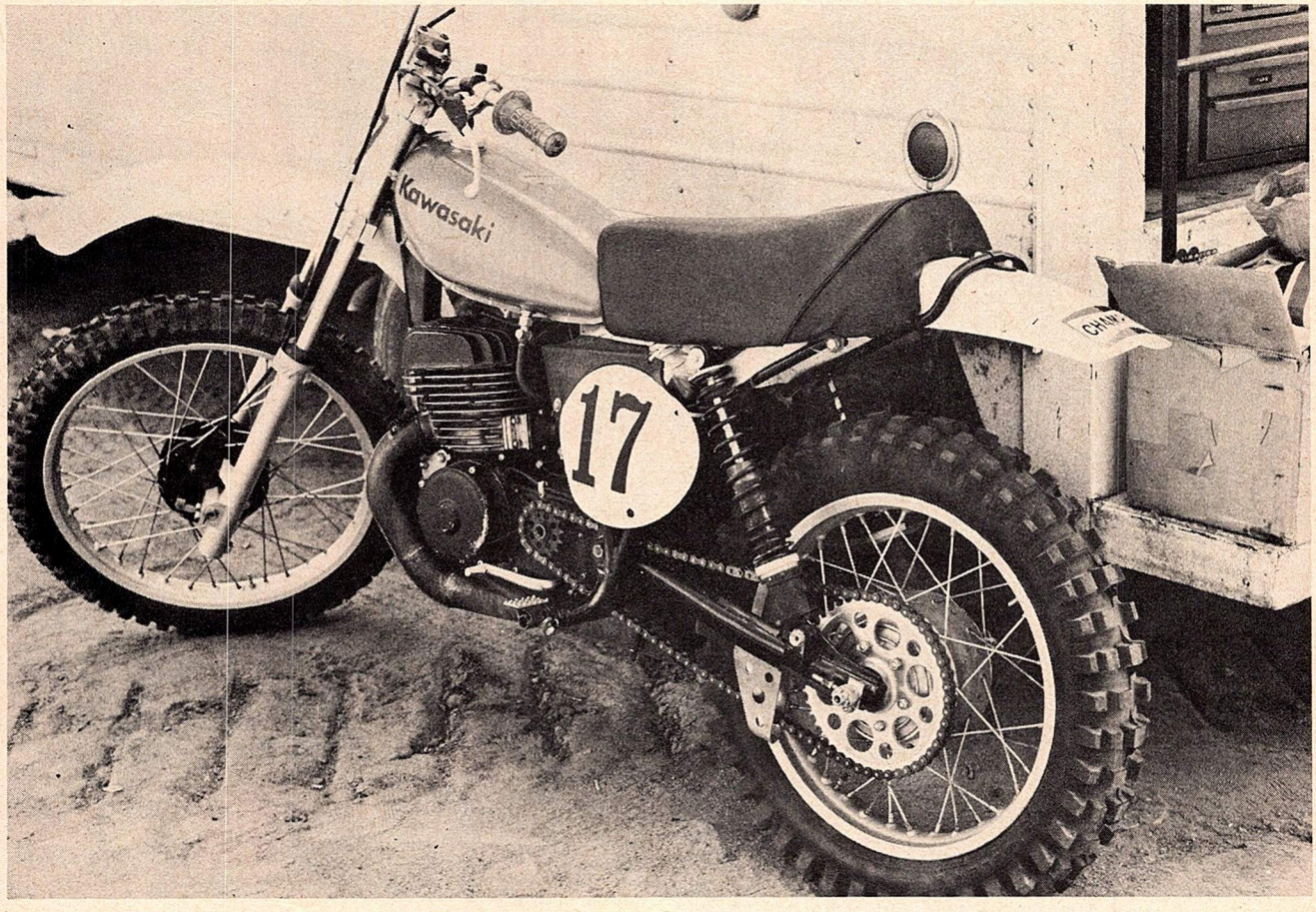


Check out straight across triple clamps and machined-billet lower clamp. Heavily knurled fork tubes help reduce flex. Several factories are trying the knurling this year. As forks get longer with more travel, twisting is becoming a real problem.



Fork tubes are thick and clamps have two pinch l right where it counts. Christer ran conventional oil/spring forks instead of gas forks like many otl Kawasakis were experimenting with.

GARY SEMICS' 400 KAWASAKI





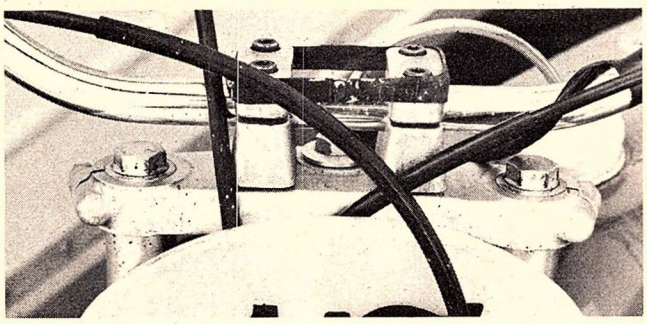
Even though at first glance, Semics' bike looked similar to Hammargren's, there were large differences.

Pipe was a work of art and tucked in well considering the horribly limited space. Fork tubes were not knurled and triple clamps gave his bike different trail than the other Kaws.

In the Support class, the only racing going on was between Smith and Croft. Everyone else was along for the ride.

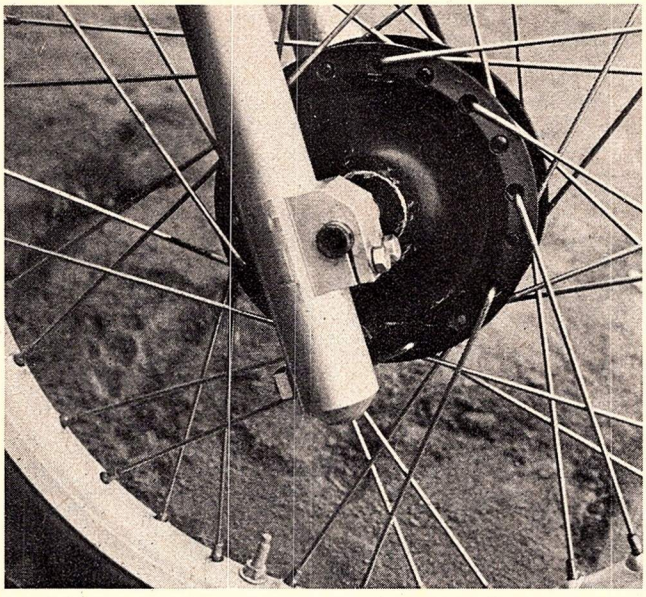


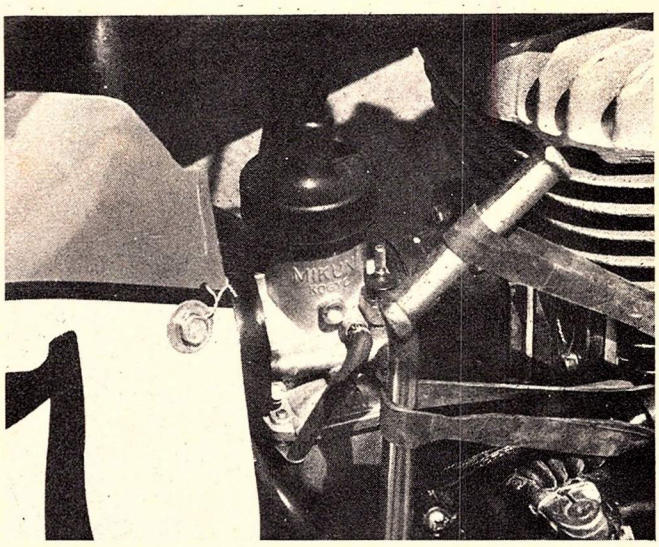




Gary's fork crown had Maico handlebar clamps holding the CZ-bend bars in place.

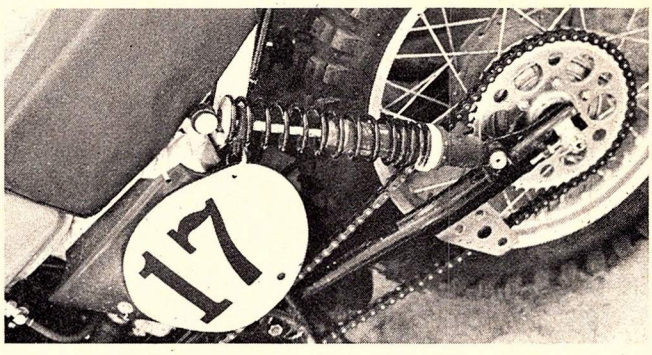
Offset axle was different than Hammargren's set-up. Compare the two. Front tire was 3.00x21 Trelleborg; rear featured the excellent Metzeler.



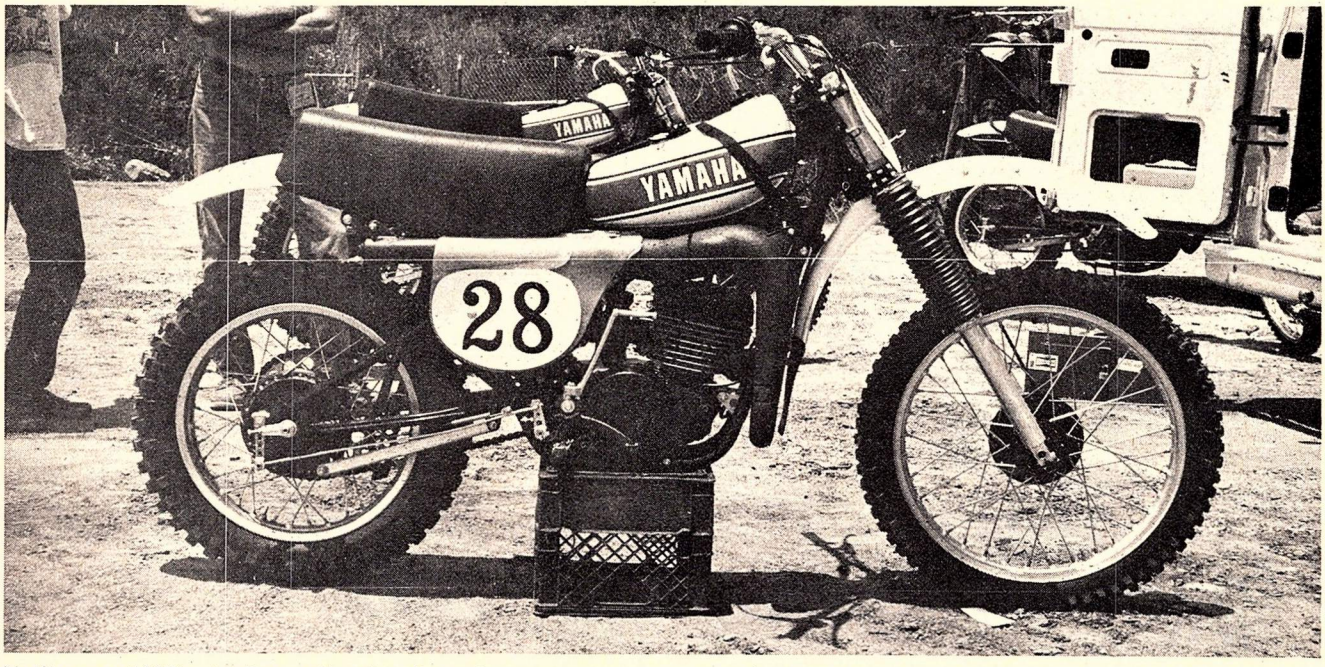


Reed valve and Mikuni carb were same as Hammargren's; Gary had an up-pipe instead of the more common down-pipe.

Kayaba gas shocks did not have remote reservoirs and ran in upright position, rather than upside down like everyone else.

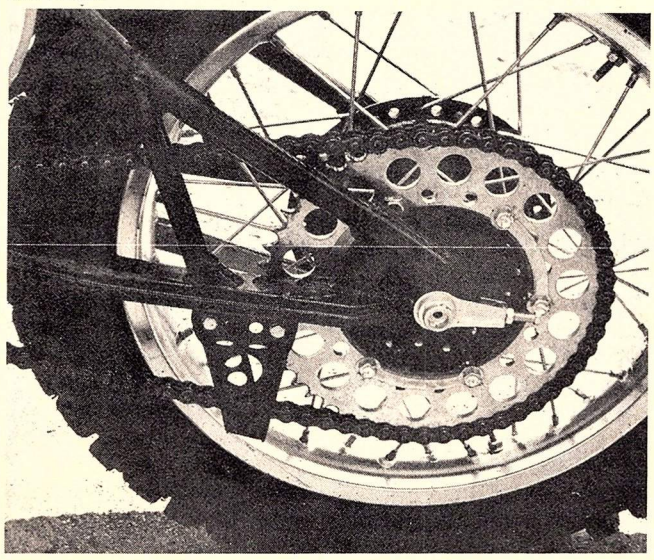


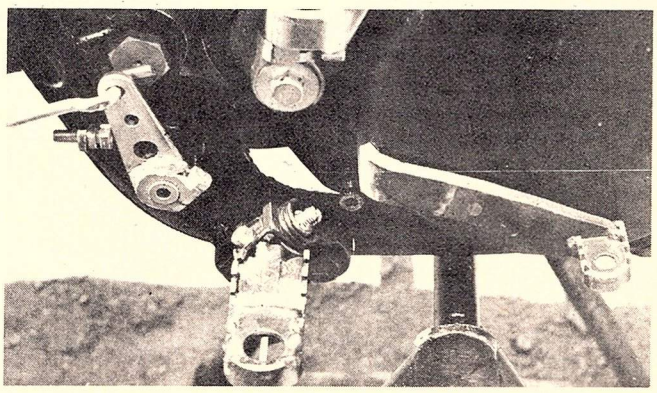
BRUCE McDOUGAL'S 250 YAMAHA



Unlike most YZ's, McDougal's pipe doesn't cross through the frame; instead, it sweeps up and alongside the frame. Side panels are hand made to accommodate the change. The bike is considerably wider than a stocker at the seat/tank junction.

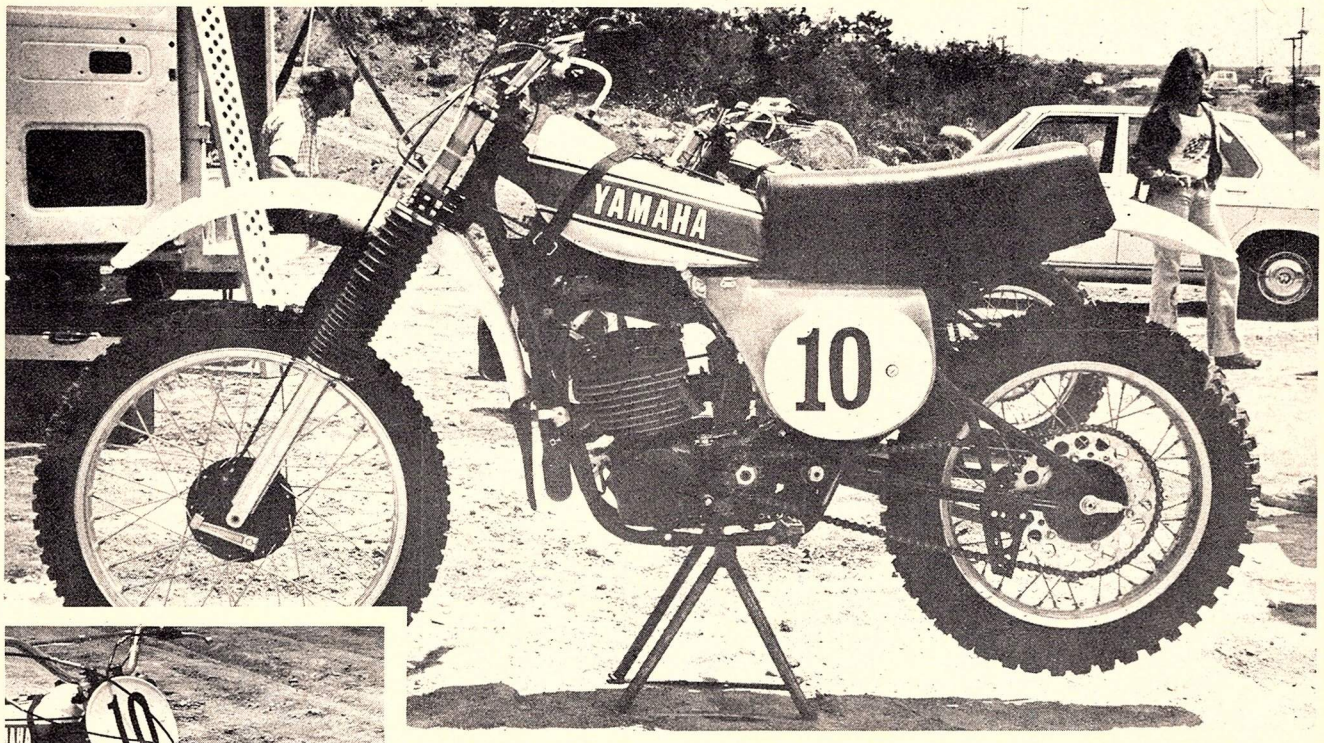
Trailing arm is oval tube, rather than rectangular section that you can buy. It's lighter and just as strong. Stock chain guide, hub, spokes and rims are on the bike.

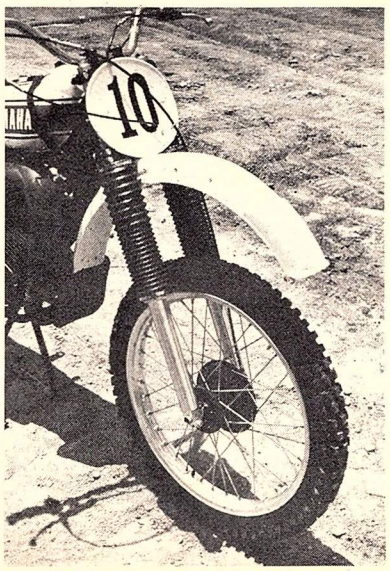




Rear brake is unique. Instead of the normal "floating" anchor, the brake stay arm is attached at the swingarm and the rod is actuated directly over the swingarm pivot bolt. This corrects a basic fault with the Yamaha braking system on the stock bikes. Brake pedal is a work of art; it's tucked in and warps around to the inside of the splayed frame tubes. Kickstarter is held on splined shaft single non-pinch bolt and large area washer. Weight savings over stock? Maybe two ounces.

TIM HART'S 250 YAMAHA

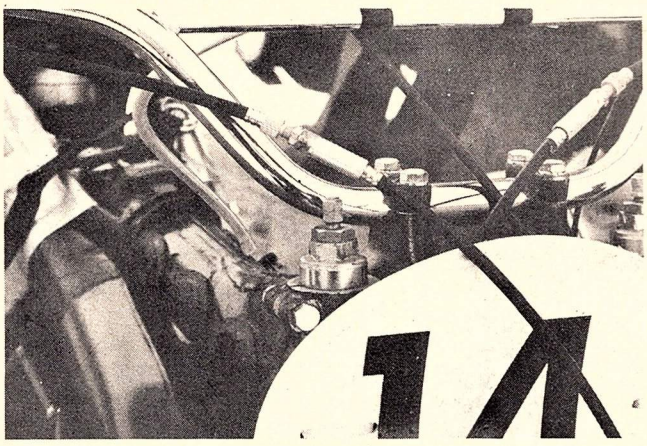




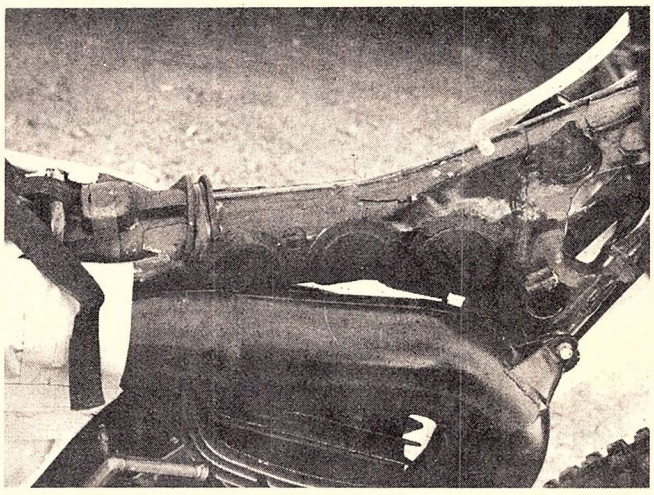
Bike is essentially the same as McDougal's, with only personal changes.

Front end featured external springs with accordian covers. Additionally, knurled fork tubes were utilized to reduce flex. Custom-made triple clamps with hefty pinch bolts. Breather caps appeared to be shaved down '69 DT 1 pin/pressure relief caps.

JIMMY WEINERT'S 400 YAMAHA

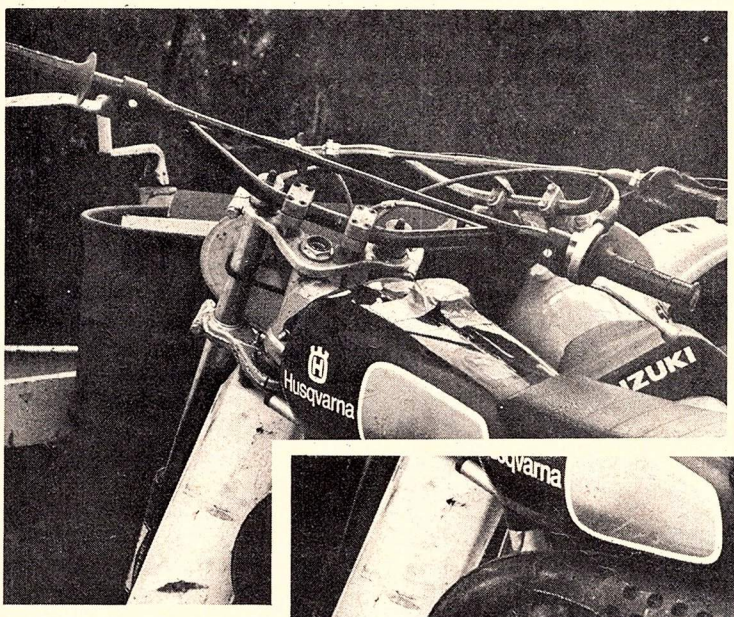


Weinert's bike was only team machine with gas forks; he also had the now-common knurled tubes to reduce front end flex. This problem has been more severe with the Yamahas than any other bike, simply because of their tendency to go to very thin stanchions and turned-down sliders. Combined with small contact area triple clamps, the front end wiggles like a police antenna.



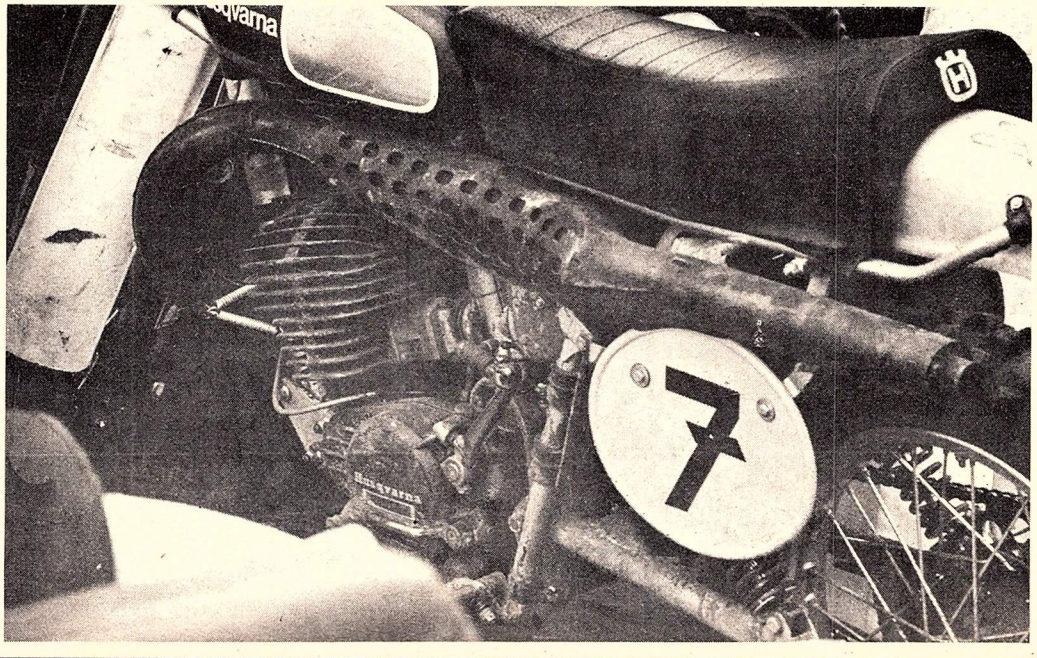
All the Yamahas had the monoshock completely covered up. When asked why they did this, the mechanics mumbled something about keeping dirt off. We snuck a peek in the parts trailer and noticed a variation on the conventional monoshock that we've been used to seeing. The one we saw appeared to be made of a metal that looked suspiciously like aluminum or magnesium. All that weight high up in the chassis has been a bug in Yamaha's factory racers for some time now.

BRAD LACKEY'S 360 HUSQVARNA

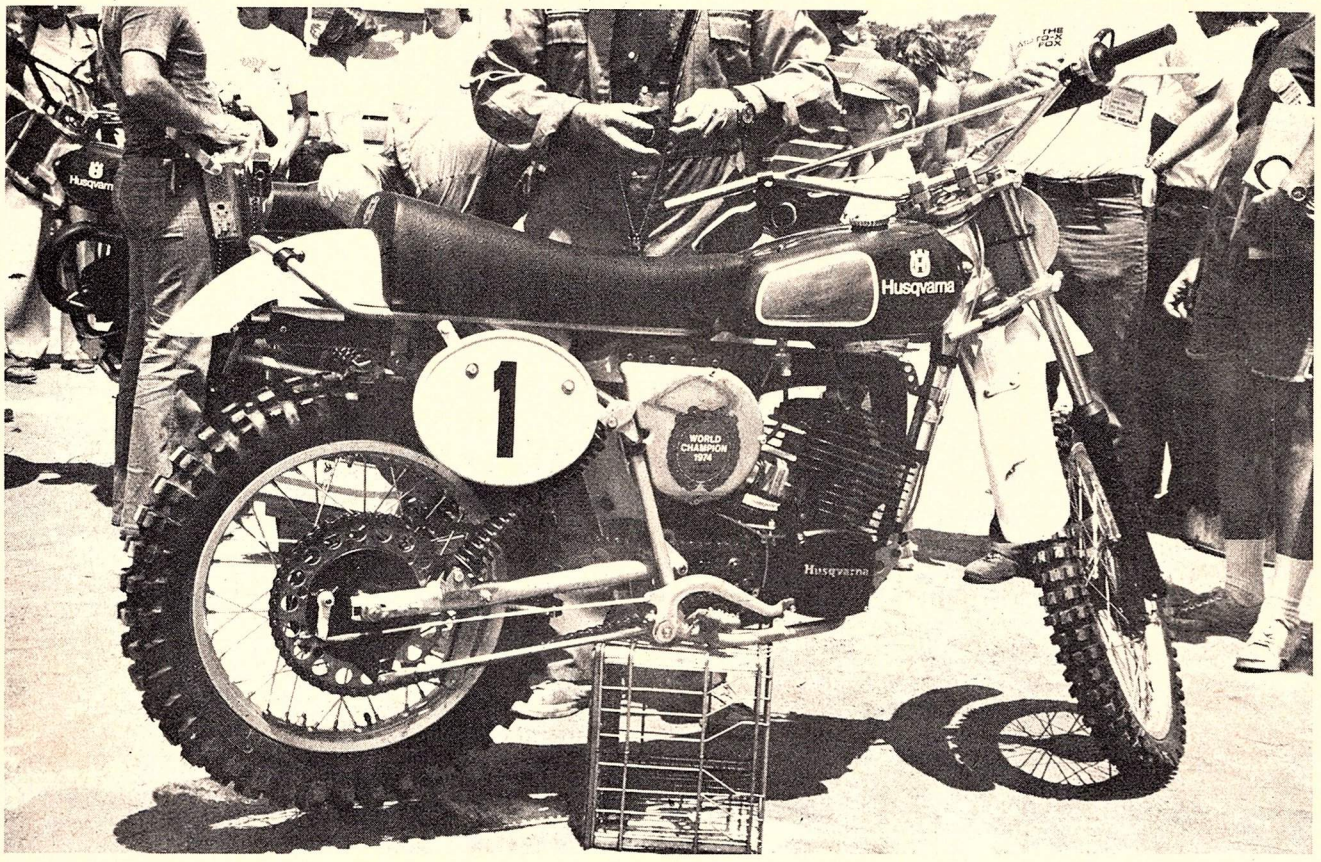


Hey, hey! Remember that article we did on the MX Fox Fork Kit? Take a close look at Lackey's fork caps. Another close look will show cut triple clamps. Just about every Husky we saw had modified clamps. Is there a message there for Nils-Arne?

Other than the front end, Brad's bike was using a whole bunch of stock equipment. Pipe is slightly modified, with different silencer. Petty fender is up front, white nylon unit in back.

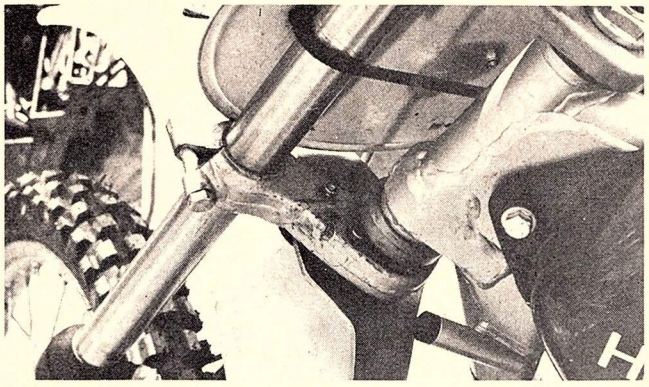


HEIKKI MIKKOLA'S 360 HUSQVARNA

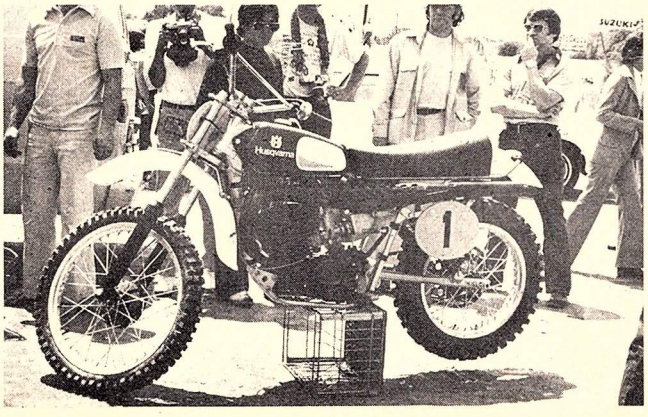


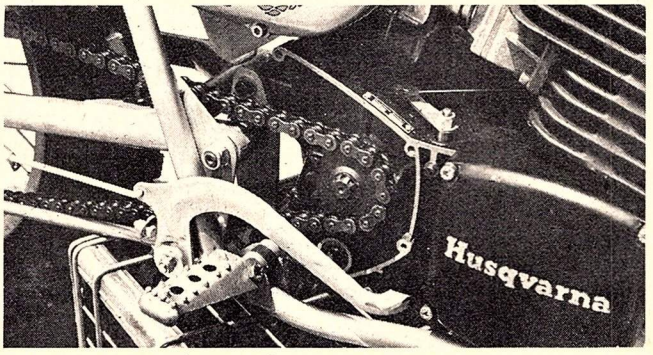
Heikki's Husky had many stock items: Fenders, air cleaner, tank and set, hubs, spokes, shocks, forks and much of the engine was off the shelf stuff.

Cut triple clamps and weight saving techniques are obvious on Mikkola's 360.

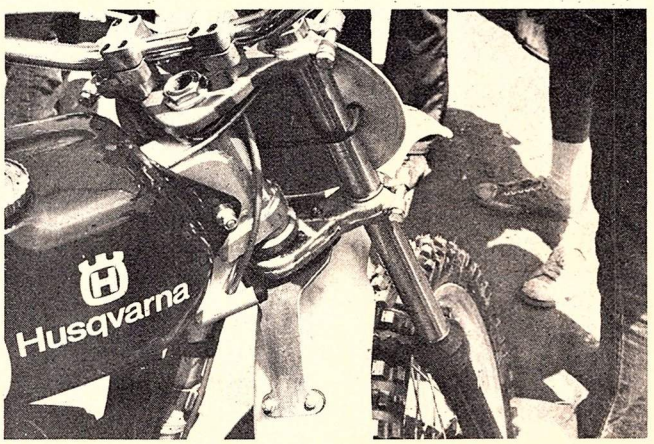


Head pipe is one inch longer than stock and pipe tucks in slightly better than standard.

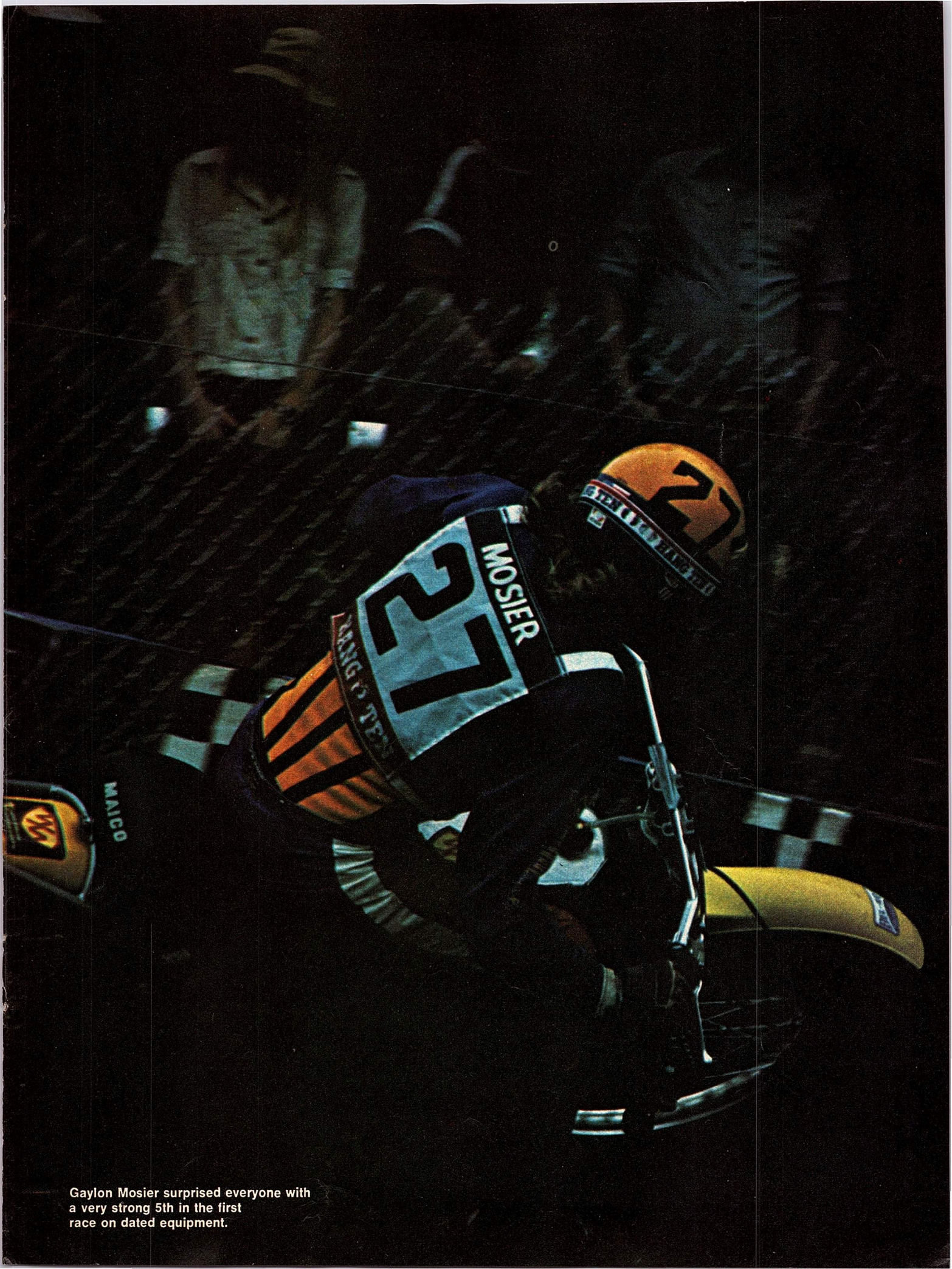




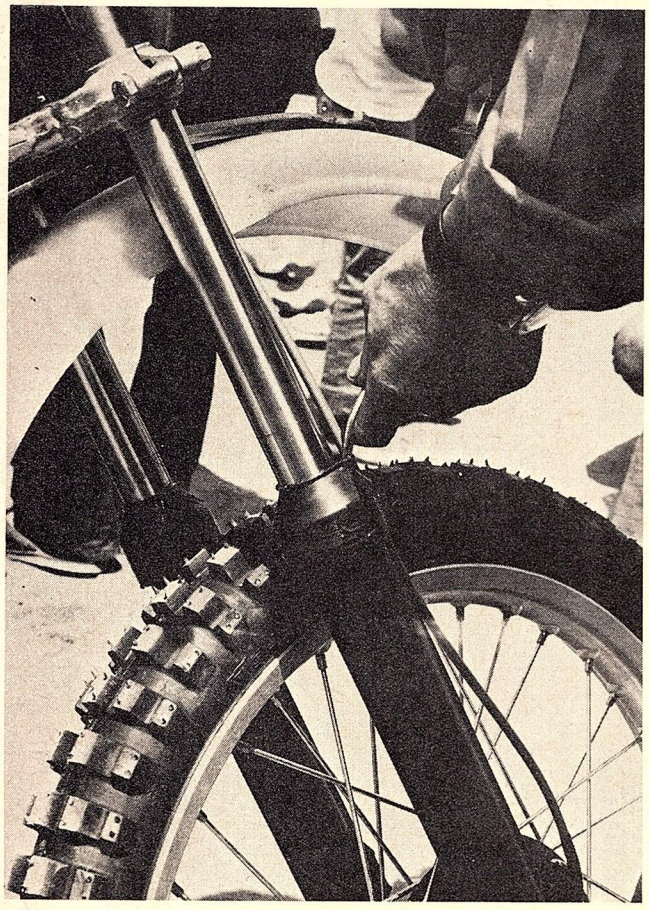
Countershaft cover is removed for lightness.



Another view of the triple clamps and trick fender bracket.

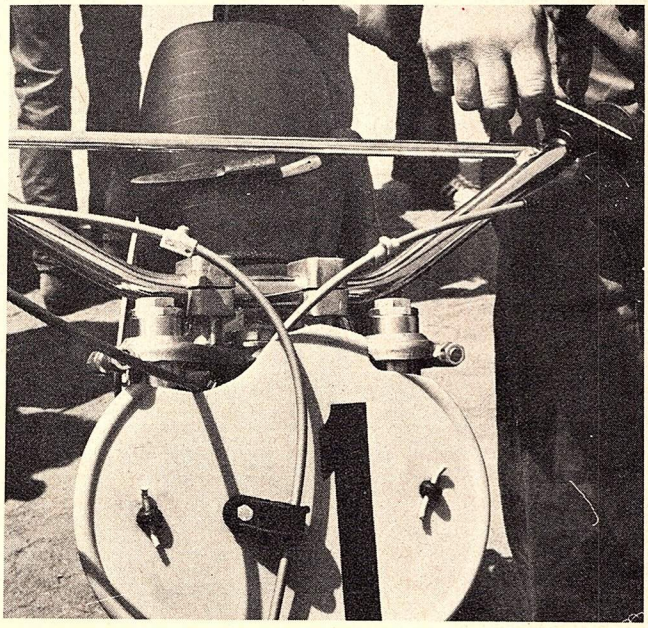


Gaylon Mosier surprised everyone with a very strong 5th in the first race on dated equipment.

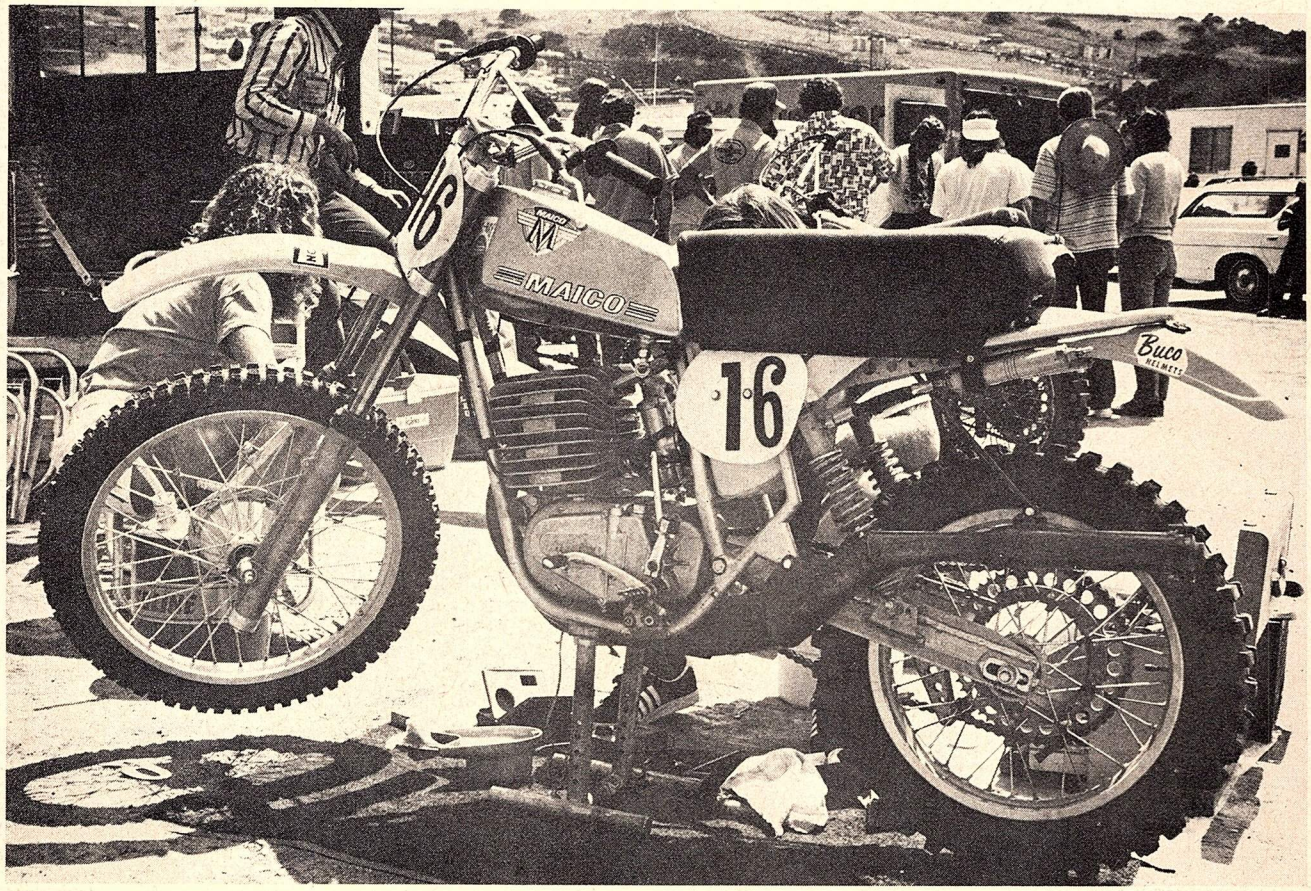


Mechanic squirted oil in seals before Heikki went out to ride. Many thought his seals were leaking, but this is just an example of careful preparation. When Husky seals are new, they tend to be very tight and offer too much friction. You can do this to your bike when it's new and avoid break-in problems.

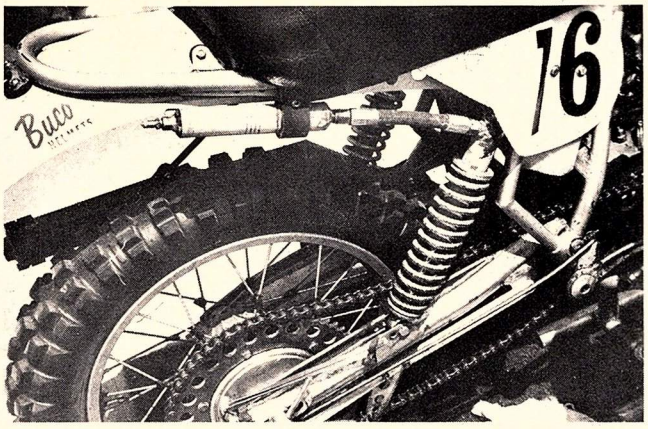
Triple clamps are also dropped one inch on fork tubes. He ran a Trelleborg on the front and a Metzeler on the back.

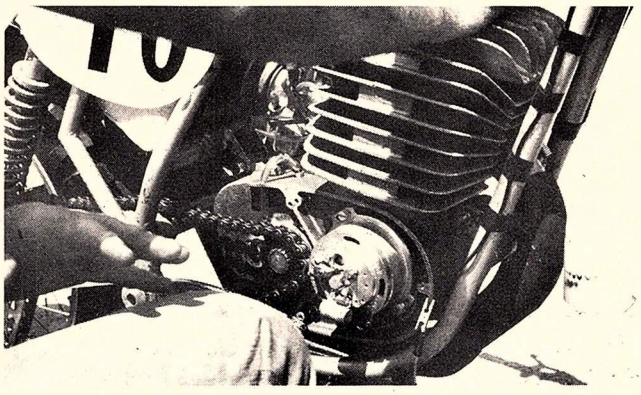


STEVE STACKABLE'S 400 MAICO FIVE-SPEED

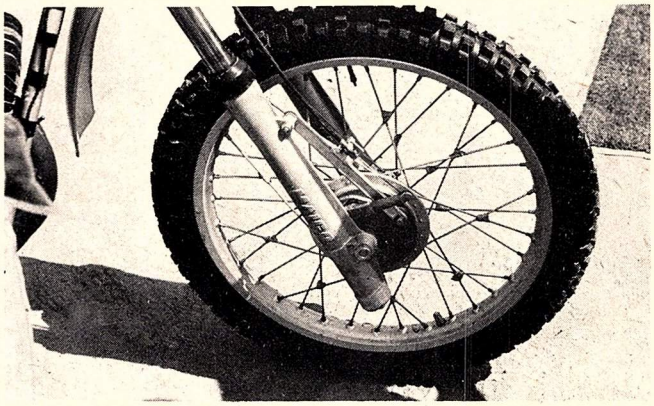


Steve had the only 400cc five-speed Maico in the country, except for one other we're not going to tell you about. His bike had a full cantilever frame (a la Adolph Weil) and the new long travel forks.





Aluminum swingarm was heavily gusseted and diamond shaped. Bilstein shocks had additional remote reservoirs made from old Bilstein bodies. Of course, Metzeler tires are standard on Maico.

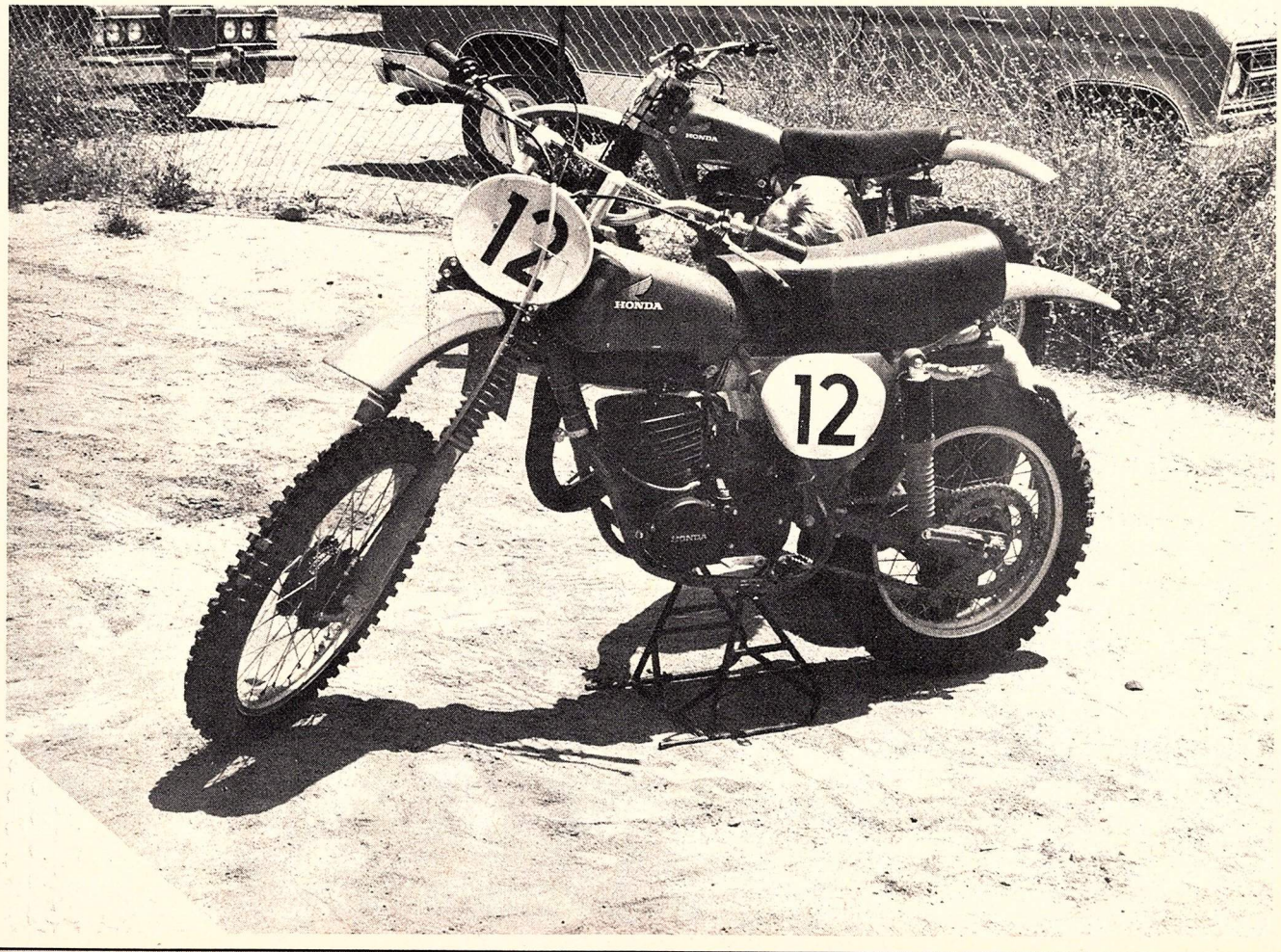


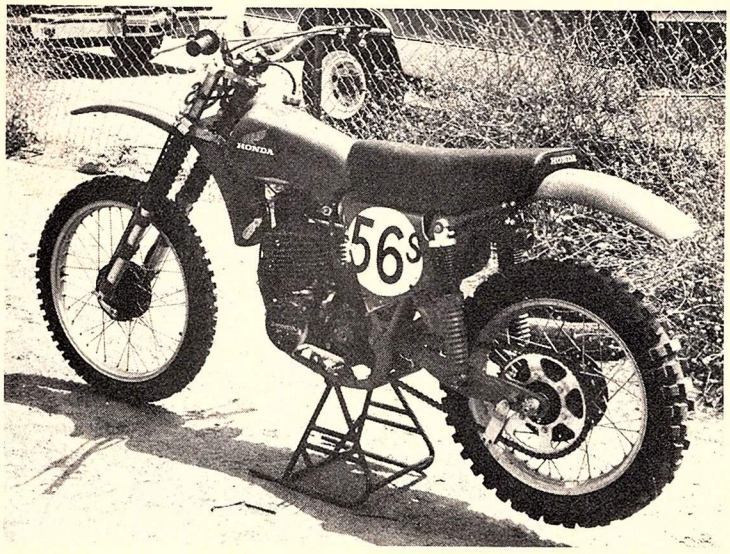
Forks were the same things you find on the shelf, with a slightly enlarged damping hole. Check our September issue for details. Front brake arm is extended to let more pressure be applied to stock front brake, a good thing to do to your own bike if you want more stopping power.

Ignition was stock. Cases and covers were magnesium. Bike seemed to have less horsepower than last year's machine. They chose a strange time to try out a new and unproven machine.

THE SMITH/CROFT HONDA 250s

Marty Smith's 250 had S&W suspension front and rear. High pipe was neatly tucked in. Geometry is remarkably close to the new stock Honda, especially the angle of the shocks.





The only visible difference (we couldn't get many details) between the two machines, was the saddle and the chain guide. Croft ran the stock seat, (pictured here) while Smith had a heavily padded saddle.

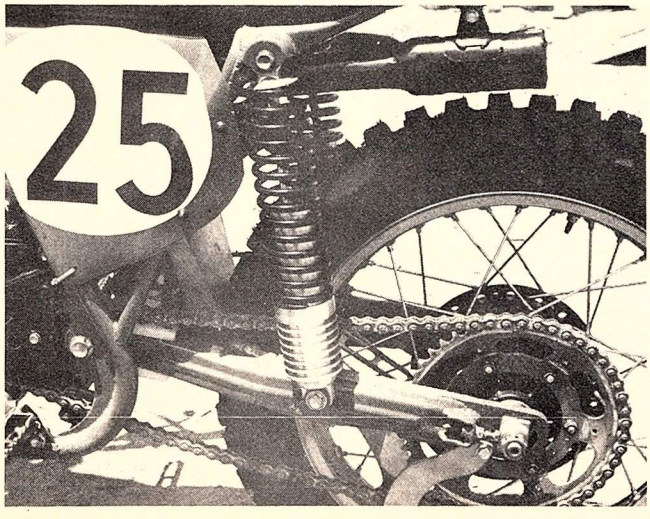
PIERRE KARSMAKER'S RC 400 HONDA



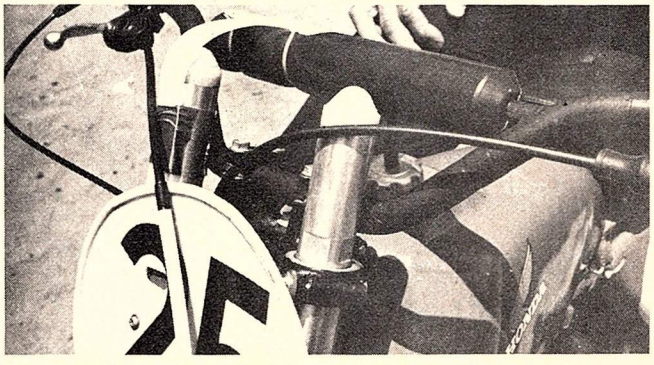


Pierre seemed very proud of his machine and has it well dialed in. S&W forks and shocks handle the impacts.

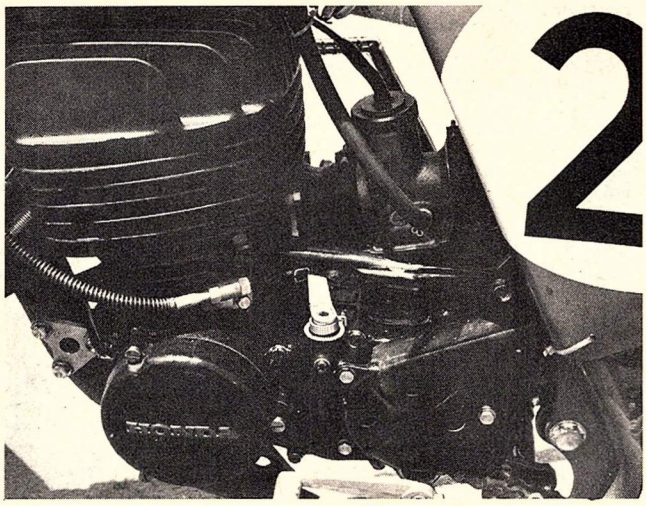
Nitrogen accumulators are quite high on forks, but are protected neatly by cross bar. Bars are Skyway with molded-in foam protective pad. Fork legs are turned down and protected by light foam on front of legs.



Aluminum swingarm and S&W shocks.

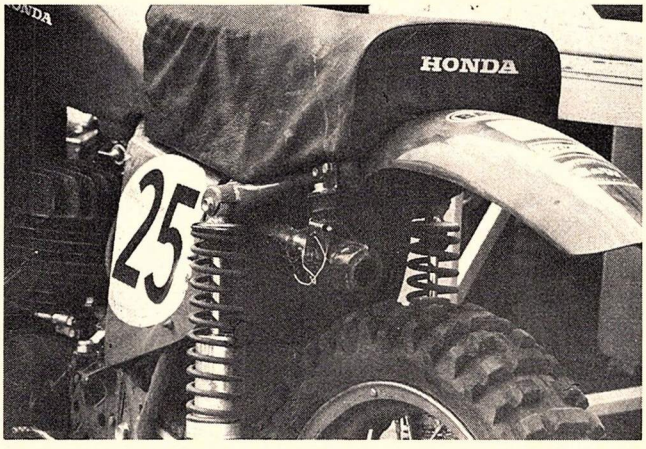


Air valve is protected by removable plastic cap. Wrench flats are machined in accumulators for easy servicing. Stock controls were on all Hondas, including Pierre's.



Large Keihin carb and no reed. Clutch spindle and shift shaft are drilled out. Front motor mounts are aluminum. Neat innovation on rear of motor, motor mount runs from base bolt to rear motor mounts and helps reduce cylinder rocking. The big 400s have broken base flanges off on occasion.

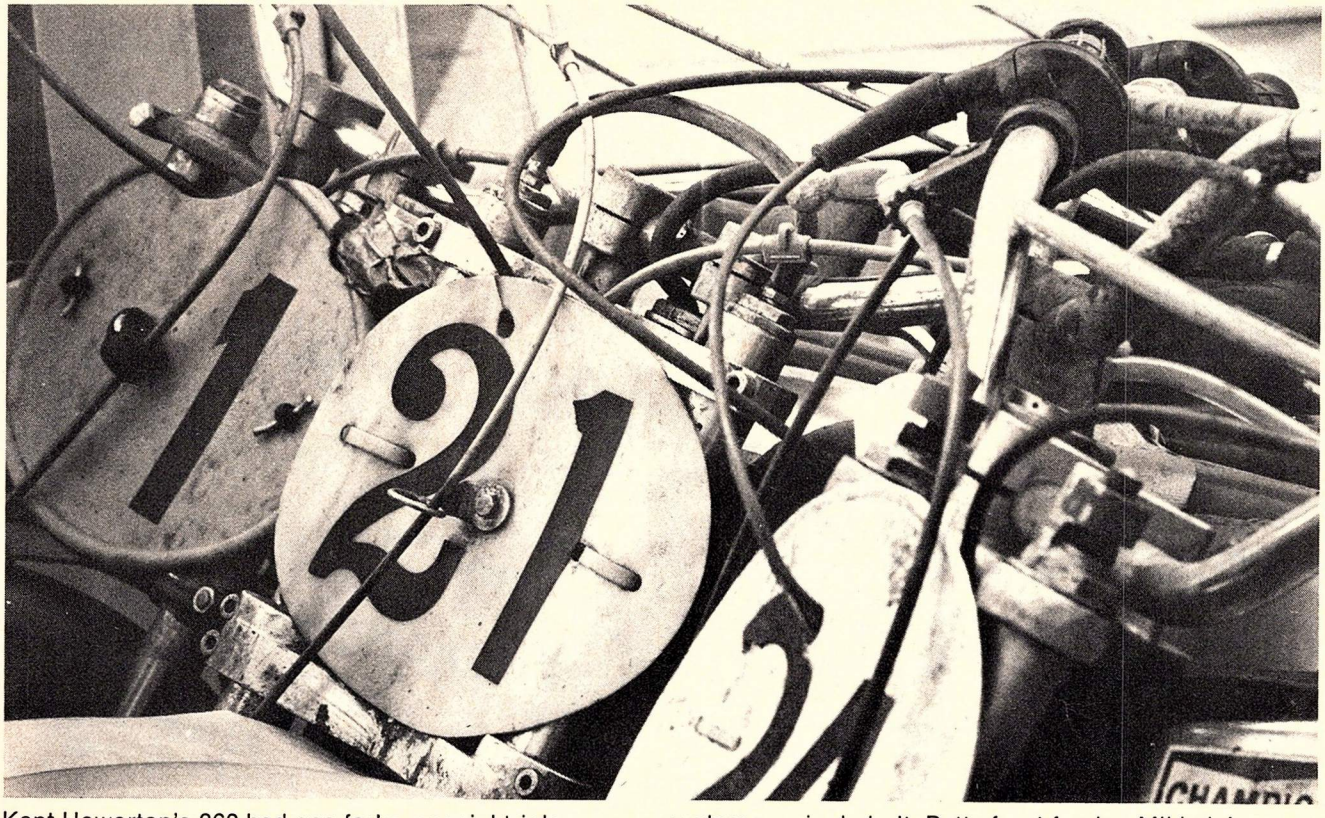
Trelleborg tire got us curious. Pierre said that he turned differently than other riders and liked to hunt around on the track for lines he could push the bike against. Hub looked stock but had holes drilled between the spoke holes, something that looks dangerous. Brake actuation arm is straighter than stock and slightly longer. We can't imagine why anyone would want more front brake than the stock Honda unit.





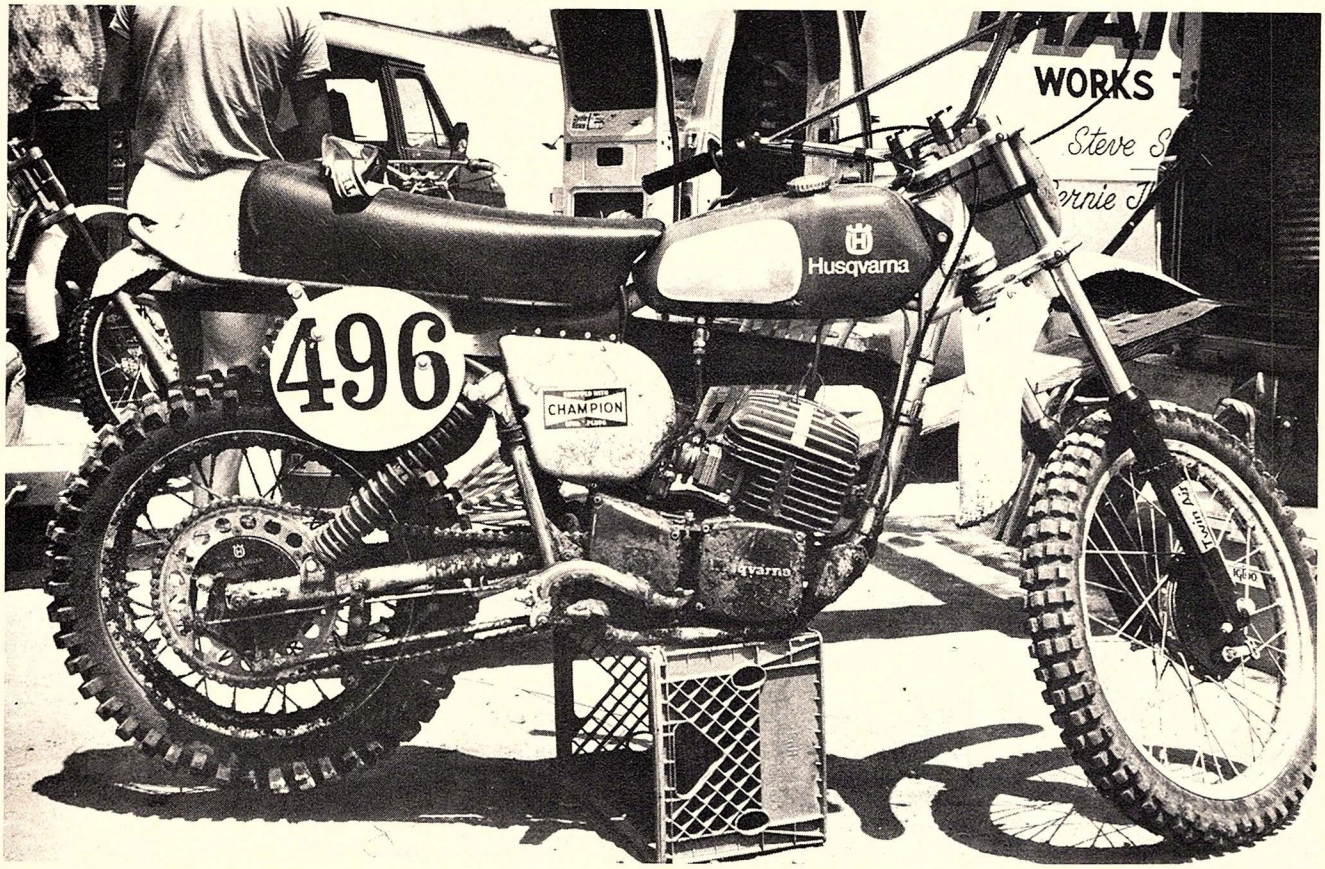
Neat rubber mount on stinger broke during last moto. Rim screws instead of locks hold Trelleborg rear knobby in place.

MORE HUSKYS—HOWERTON'S 360 and MAYES' 250



Kent Howerton's 360 had gas forks, special triple clamps. Top clamp was custom made from solid billet. Lower clamp had two pinch bolts, instead of customary single bolt. Petty front fender. Mikkola's Husky is sitting right behind Howerton's. Compare.

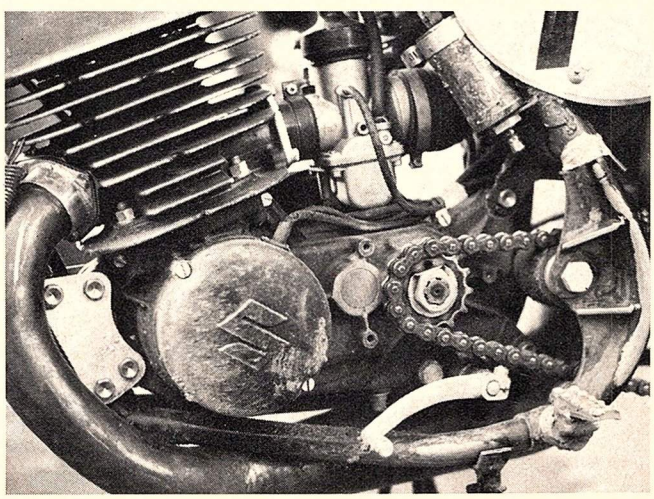
Mayes' practice bike had Curnutts on the rear, but his race bike had gas Girlings. His machine was amazingly standard.



THE SUZUKIS—WOLSINK'S 400, DiSTEFANO'S 370, DeCOSTER'S 370

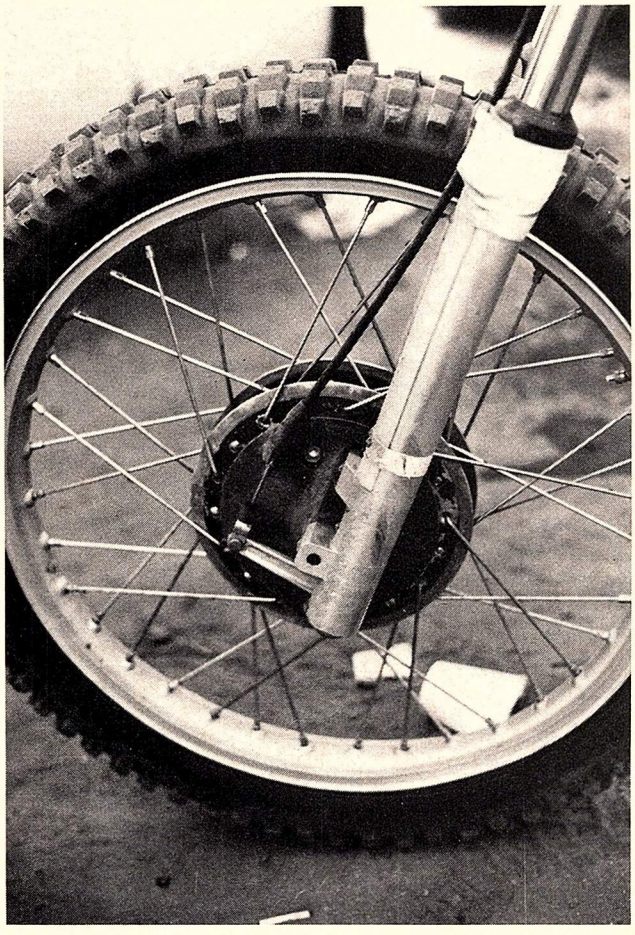


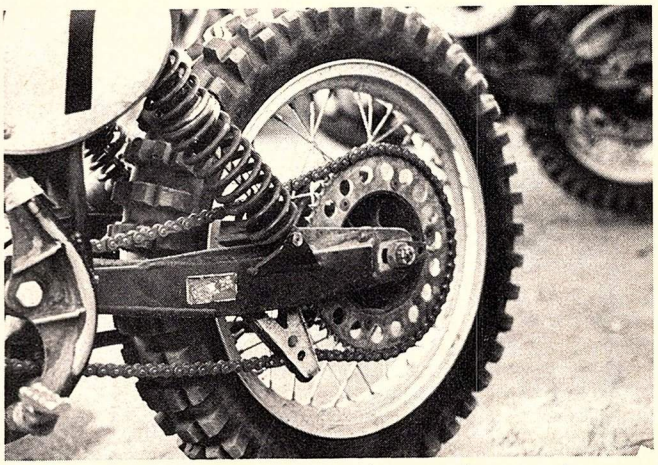
Shots of the Suzukis were hard to come by, as they put them behind carriers after each riding session. Here's Wolsink's Open bike. New features include up-pipe, re-designed sliders and triple clamps, RM-styled side panels and full cantilever rear suspension. Shocks are Kayaba special production units with remote reservoirs.



Tony DiStefano rode last year's machine with down pipe. Mikuni carb, remote reservoirs on the Kayaba. Details include titanium dished-out motor mount bolts.

All of the Suzukis featured leading front axles (a la Maico) and enormous front brakes.



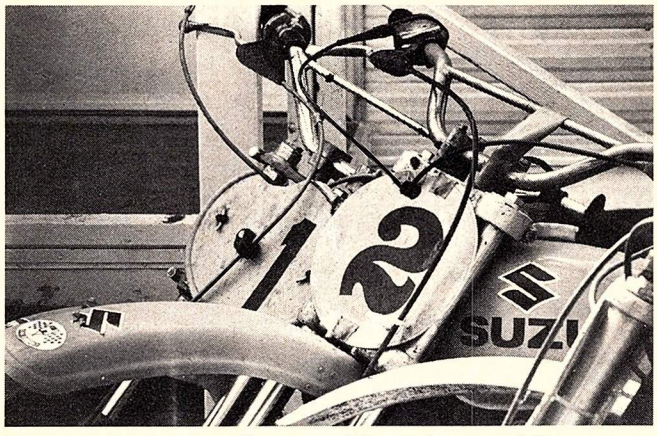


Kayaba makes those hefty aluminum swingarms for team Suzuki. We haven't ever heard of one breaking.

Even though Tony's bike appeared to be one of last year's works machines, it didn't appear to suffer in the horsepower department.







Roger had a low profile seat with minimal padding compared to the other Suzukis. Gas tank is on the large side, but very narrow where it meets the seat. Grips look stock, but are made of softer compound. Bars are, of course, CZ bend and very wide.

DeCoster's Suzuki had enormously strong triple clamps. Stock Suzuki throttle and Magura Power levers hang on end of bars. Bars are gold anodized to show cracks early, if they occur. •



Climax version of the Taylor goggles is modeled here by Big Jim. He doesn't even wear glasses, so by the end of the photo session, he was reeling like a drunk and had a headache for three days afterward.

GOGGLES FOR GLASS WEARERS

Over half of the people in this country wear glasses—and the miseries of wearing glasses can only be guessed at by the other half. This problem is severely compounded for those who ride (or race) bikes. Most street riders can get away fairly easy by using a full coverage helmet with a face shield. Still, it's a pain to even slip a helmet over glasses.

For those of us who ride in the dirt, the problem gets almost out of hand. Face shields are impractical under most conditions—smooth track racing excepted. Even then, fogging is a big problem. And if even a slight layer of dirt gets behind the shield, that means that a layer of dirt is also on the rider's lens. This means that the rider must look through four layers of dirt to see where he's going: on the outside of the shield, on the inside, another layer on his glasses and yet another layer on the inside of his glasses. As you can see (or can't), it becomes quite easy to cut the available light *literally in half.*

For MXers, desert riders and the like, this problem soars to an astronomical level. The only answer is to find a pair of goggles that will fit over glasses without letting significant amounts of dust in. This is no easy task, as nearly every goggle designed is made for those lucky folks who don't have to wear glasses. Several months back, we had a report on the Uvex Rallye goggles that seemed to be a reasonable answer. They're deep enough to allow a room fit over fairly large glasses and are well made. However, before dust could be sealed out, we had to glue foam in strategic areas and modify the venting system quite radically.

The Uvex goggles also offered the advantage of fitting inside a full coverage helmet, except for the extremely small windowed Bell's. We personally used the Uvex for almost a year and found them the only reasonable way to go, even though they're quite heavy and tend to make the rider's nose raw after long rides in the saddle.

Now we have two different approaches to solving the glass wearer's problems. Ellie Taylor offers several goggles with the lens built right in, taking the brunt of the wearing off the rider's nose and putting it on his face. The other approach is a totally new one: an extremely lightweight and flexible foam goggle, the Foam Fit from Skyway.

Taylor offers several styles to his approach; the one we liked the best was the Climax 513-S. It's a well made unit with the actual lens placed out in the open and unprotected. Some safety is gained by chemically tempering the lenses until they're hard enough to pass a drop test with a 5/8″ steel ball. Eventually, the lenses will pit, because they are exposed, but with reasonable care, the rider should get at least a year or more out of them. Extra (for replacement) lenses are available and the

OOOOOH, SAY CAN YOU SEE? NOT REALLY.

GOGGLES FOR GLASS WEARERS

I only have four eyes for you.





Climax/Taylor goggles were well made and very comfortable to wear.

tab is more than reasonable: $32 for photo grey and a few bucks less for regular. Anyone wearing the Climax version should keep a spare set of lenses in his toolbox, just in case the others get broken.

We found the Climax version to be extremely comfortable, perhaps more so than any other conventional goggle we've ever worn. In fact, we'd highly recommend a set of Climax goggles with plain lenses to anyone who *doesn't* wear glasses. Even though they're expensive, they're obviously made of the best materials and designed with careful thought. One example: instead of the usual elastic strap, they Climax goggles have three small diameter springs inside of a stitched nylon cover. And to top it off, the attaching mechanism features adjustable buckles (just like your belt) on both sides.

We had no problem fitting the Climax version into small-windowed full coverage helmets, like the Star and the Shoei. At first, the angled side section of the lens bothered us, but after riding 15 minutes, we forgot completely about peripheral vision restrictions. Actual vision is remarkably like your regular glasses. After one riding session, we took off



Super See-R goggles had a plastic lens over the prescription lens.

the goggles and slipped on our regular glasses. No dizzying adjustment period was required and vision/clarity was consistent.

We did have one side effect that should be mentioned. After the first ride (during an extremely hot day), the dye in the leather rubbed off and left the rider's face looking like a raccoon. The first clue he had was when everyone laughed their asses off when he removed his helmet and goggles. The second time the goggles were worn, a bit more of the black stained the rider's face, then never bothered him after that. We talked to Taylor and he told us that he'd never heard of this problem before.

The longer we wore the Climax 513-S goggles, the more comfortable they got. The first few times they were worn, a fogging problem existed, but this was largely cured by putting some holes in the plastic frame and filling the holes with foam to prevent dust entry. As long as we were moving at all, fogging problems





These were very uncomfortable—and we tried them on a lot of people. Large gaps were all around the Super See-R goggles. This ball point pen was stuck in to show you one of them. The goggles were so stiff, that getting them on (especially under a duck bill) was a major hassle.

didn't exist. And, in fact, before the start of riding, ventilation seemed sufficient to allow the rider a few minutes of clear vision before fogging started. The only time we experienced any difficulties, was when we stopped during, or after riding. Then, the lenses went as blank as a fog bank. We tried using some anti-fog, as recommended in the directions, but this was only good for a short period of time, then water droplets would start to form on the interior of the lens. Much of this is probably due to the smallish area inside of each lens pocket. The slightest raise in skin temperature combined with lack of air flow no doubt caused the problem. We'll experiment further and cut some bigger holes and slots in the plastic frame, and of course, glue more foam over those holes.

Some dust got through our Climax goggles where the wire holders enter the frame, but, again, a bit of foam would appear to solve that small hassle.

All things considered, the Taylor Climax goggles are comfortable and while riding, we tended to forget they were there. You will have to modify them for MX and desert conditions for increased air flow, but we think this is a small price to pay for the freedom it gives you. Again, the Climax goggle is well made and should last for a long time. It is expensive, but close study will convince any observer that no corners were cut in the manufacturing of the unit. It is most assuredly, a reasonable alternative.

The other Taylor offering that we tried, was the Super See-R. This goggle tries to offer maximum safety and a changeable outer lens over the prescription lens. In the process, however, it becomes the most uncomfortable set we've ever tried. We tried the Super See-R version on no less than twelve people and it didn't even come close to fitting well on any of them. Large gaps are left



New design Foam Fits from Skyway are inexpensive and different. Very different.

Extra lenses (smoked) come with the Foam Fits.





Foam Fits will fit in just about any helmet because they're flexible. They even fit kids' faces.

around the nose area and the curvature of the plastic frame is all wrong. Additionally, the frame is very stiff and can't be re-shaped at all without the lens popping out. The layer of foam that is obviously supposed to allow the goggle to form to the shape of your face is too thin to do much good.

The actual method of construction is clever, but the execution is way off base. What the Super See-R goggle does, is this: a stiff plastic inner section holds the normal prescription lens in place in the proper position in front of the wearer's eyes. To keep them from getting scratched or broken, a more or less normal outer lens is held in place in front of them. While this does offer good protection, the double wall approach has drawbacks, heavy weight and complexity being two of them. We took the lenses and outer protective lens apart and re-assembled the whole works. After this, the outer lens kept slipping out of its channels and grooves. Most disappointing.

We had riders try on the two different goggles (Climax and Super Seer-R) for a comfort comparison, and it was no contest. No one had a good thing to say for the Super See-R compared to the Climax. The box that the Super See-R goggles come in, sheds a little light on the lack of thought in goggle design; inscribed on the bottom of one side of the box are the words "car racing sport goggles." You know what a bunch of assholes most of the car racers are, so that more or less explains the ill-mannered shape of the goggles.

This brings us to the third approach—the Foam Fits from Skyway. Simplicity and low cost are the two obvious plus marks, but when the goggles are used, the biggest benefit is comfort. Because the body of the goggles are made completely of foam, they are the most comfortable we've ever worn. Most goggles on the market are constructed of plastic or rubber and have a layer of foam between the wearer's face and the unyielding plastic. The thicker the foam, the more comfort and the more efficiently the goggle will adapt to facial contours. Skyway's approach is ludicrously simple, yet effective. The Foam Fit *must* fit, because the *entire body* is made of soft, porous foam.

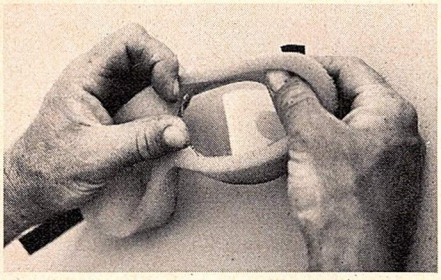
The lenses are held in place behind the black ABS plastic front.



With the velcro attachment method, they can be held in place on top of the duckbill . . . or left dangling from the side of the helmet when not in use.



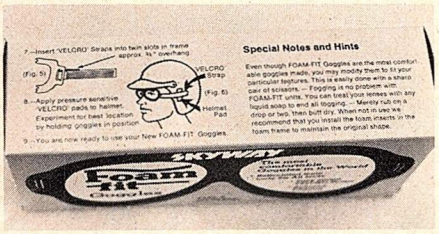
Again, simplicity is the word. The foam has room around the edge of the frame to allow the slightly oversized lenses to slip in from the rear of the goggles. This way, the separate lenses are held snugly against the *back* of the frame by the *inside* of the foam body. Because foam can be easily stretched, all the wearer has to do to change lenses, is to tug the foam over to one side and slip the lens out. As long as the lenses were properly lined up and seated



Installation of the lens is easy; just slip them in from the back side.

correctly under the foam, we had no problems with them slipping or popping out. After having $16.95 goggles come apart while racing, this is a welcome departure.

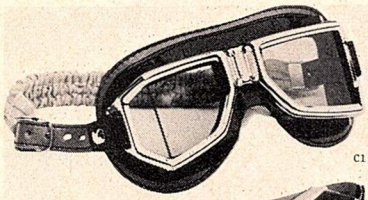
At a $6.95 retail price tag, corners had to be cut somewhere, and on the Skyway Foam Fit, you have to assemble the unit. All the pieces come in the box, including extra smoked lenses.



Directions for assembly are a bit confusing, but with reasonable care, there should be no problem.

Choose whatever kind of lens you want (clear or smoked) and slip them in from the back. This is one of the neatest and simplest methods we've ever seen. As long as the foam is correctly pulled over the lens, solid placement is assured. One warning: if any portion of the lens is not seated firmly, wind pressure can start moving the lens back out of its intended slot.

Included in each kit, you'll find two velcro straps, rather than the conventional elastic straps on the market. These are merely slipped in through double slots on each side of the ABS front. To complete the setup, put your helmet on and place the goggles over your face (and glasses, if you wear them), then pull back on the velcro straps to see what angle is most comfortable for you. Put the supplied velcro holding tabs on your helmet in the spot that seems most convenient to you. If you don't like the spot, don't worry. The holding tabs are pressure sensitive, but are easily removable and reusable. Now, all you have to do to slip on your goggles, is to flop them over your glasses and tug back on the velcro straps until you get the tension you like. Because of this exclusive velcro feature, the goggles are infinitely adjustable and absolutely cannot slip. When you don't want to have them on, just pull one strap off its anchoring tab, and let the goggles dangle at the side of the helmet, where they won't get lost.



Climax 513-S



Uvex Racing Star



Super See*R

We tested only the Climax and the Super version of Taylor's goggles. The Uvex version has lens placement too far from the eyes for truly superior vision.



Climax goggles fit in small helmets with no sweat.

With the Foam Fits in place, we found fogging to be a thing of the past. Because so much of the actual surface is porous, ventilation is extremely high, yet the pores are dense enough to keep out dust. After a few minutes of riding, you forget that they're even on your face. Total weight of the Foam Fit goggles is—get this—one ounce even, with velcro straps.

We assumed the Skyway goggles were exclusively for glass wearers, but were assured by the manufacturers that they were designed to primarily be a low cost, maximum comfort, non fogging goggle that would fit any face, in any helmet.

If you can't afford to go the prescription goggle route, then the Skyway Foam Fit is the only logical alternative. And even if you don't wear glasses, they're the most comfortable goggles we've ever worn. Period. It sort of makes the $16.95 offerings look like a piece of history. ●

WHERE TO GET IT

ELLIE TAYLOR'S GOGGLES
145 Arroqui Road
Santa Barbara, California 93108
Mailing Address: P.O. Box 5023
Telephone: (805) 969-0838

PRICES:

Goggles with clear lenses	$53.95
Goggles with Photo Grey or Photo Sun lenses	69.95
Goggles, CLIMAX Model 513-S, without prescription, clear	11.95*
Goggles, CLIMAX Model 513-S, without prescription, tinted	13.95*
Goggles, WEBCO UVEX #1176, without prescription, clear	16.95*
Lens only	32.00

PRICES:

SUPER SEE*R DOUBLE LENS RACING GOGGLE with clear prescription lenses	$53.95
Replacement outer lens (please specify tint)	1.50

PRICES:

UVEX Goggles with clear prescription lenses	$49.95
UVEX Goggles with photo-grey prescription lenses	59.95
UVEX Goggles with photo-sun or Hazemaster Yellow prescription lenses	62.95

HOW TO ORDER

Mail a copy of your prescription, signed by your eye physician, along with your check or money order. The prescription MUST include the PD or distance between pupils. Please tell us the model of goggle you wish and your preference in lens tints. Allow two to three weeks for delivery. NOTE: There is no California Sales Tax on prescription goggles and they are a deductible item on your tax return.

SKYWAY FOAM FITS
At Your Dealer, or Contact
Cyclemasters Dist. Co.
12306 Gladstone, Sylmar, CA 91342 (213) 361-7915
or
Krause Competition Cycles
231 E. North Ave., Northlake, IL 60164 (312) 344-2233
$6.95 retail. Dealer inquiries welcomed.

POST ENTRIES

(Continued from page 8)

photos of fat motor maids and stories of old farts who are retiring from some useless position in a remote New England district. Oh yeh . . . they have a flat track story now and then.

We have a story in the works right now on how to start road racing. Keep posted.

OINK-O-GRAM

The male Chauvinist Pigs MC hereby applauds your refreshing attitude toward the commie woman libbers who snivel about your great magazine. It's about time that one American magazine had the nuts to stand up to those old hags and show them who's boss . . . men. Your magazine is a great upper after having to put up with the every day crap. We especially enjoyed Sally Slendernipple. Keep up the great work and may your next berm be a woman.

Yours,
The M.C.P.M.C.
Yuba City, California

We find your letter to be in excellent taste and an artistic and spiritual boost. No shit.

PLAIN BROWN COVERS

I just wrote to tell you I'm impressed with your magazine. The quality of the other dirt moto-monthlies has become very questionable, as they are appealing more and more to the Clearasil set. I hope you see fit to continue setting high standards of journalism. These are a few suggestions I have:

1. Please keep sending your books in brown covers; it keeps the post office workers from thumbing through it, or ripping off my mag.
2. Go for pictorials in your race coverage. I don't mean to tell you how to run your book, but three-month-old race coverage is almost useless. Concentrate your budget on photography—we all like to see a good picture.
3. Don't ever censor Rick Sieman, (Rick, your last letter to *Cycle News* was hilarious). I have never written to any mag before, but I would like to see *Modern Cycle* continue to publish with more sophistication, honesty and quality than its competition. After all, I have to choose one of the monthlies if I want lots of tests and pix. You have the potential to be the best magazine around.

Good wishes and support,
Douglas H. McFarland
Berkeley, California

What do you mean "potential?"

DRAG RACER?

In your May *MC*, you had a picture showing the re-appearance of Powder Puff Power. Are you for real? Dressing Rick Sieman up with a wig and some falsies and then trying to pass him off as a broad! *Boy* have you got some balls.

Robert Price
91st St. Lem Box 142

Nobody likes a smart ass, Price. That was really Big Jim.

IT WASN'T FUNNY . . . MY NOSE HURTS WHEN IT RAINS

Let me start off by saying I've never written to a magazine before. You'll probably find this out by the way it's written. I'm a fan of Super Hunky and I enjoy reading his articles on the motorcycle game. There are so many people today who are afraid to talk about something if it's going to piss someone off. I just finished reading the June *MC*, Up Your Saddle was a very serious, but funny story about the crash and your nose.

I'm very active in the 125 class in local motocross races and maintain my own Elsinore. This may be a little off the subject, but do you know of any motocross schools that are going to be in the Fayetteville area this summer? Being in the Army holds me from coming to California for one of those schools.

Richard Hochney
Fayetteville, North Carolina

Check CYCLE NEWS EAST for listings of the Gary Bailey schools. ●

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1 THE SCOTT USA GOGGLES



Clear 12.95, Extra Lens 1.25
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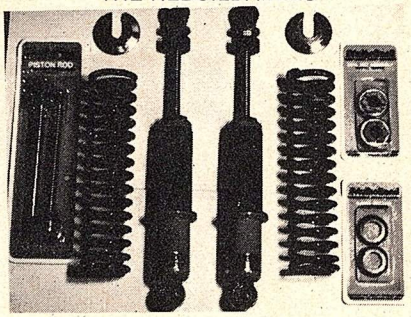
WINDSOR PLASTIC TANKS
1 Yr. Guarantee

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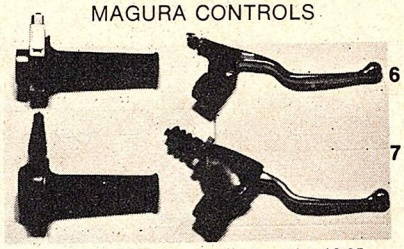
Complete with Mount Kit, Vented Cap and Petcock $42.95 Available in All Colors
Including Kawasaki Green
Honda 125 Elsinore Replica
Honda 250 Elsinore Replica
Yamaha YZ Replica

BOGE/MULHOLLAND
THE REBUILDABLES

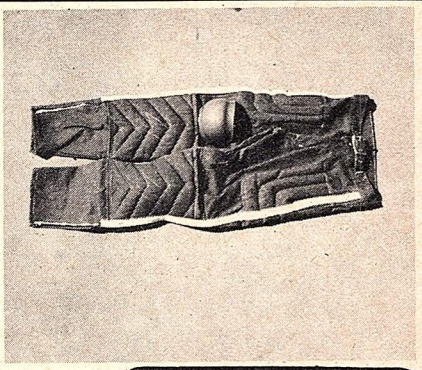


Mini Shocks Complete with Springs 64.95
Standard Size Shocks Complete with Springs 69.95

MAGURA CONTROLS



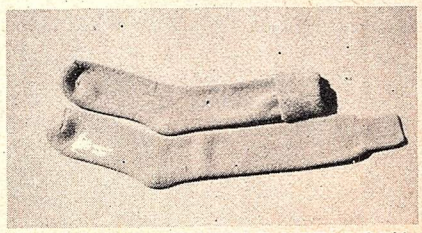
4 IST Alloy ¼ Turn Throttle 12.95
5 MX Plastic ¼ Turn Throttle 6.95
6 MX Power Lever Assy., ea. 10.95
7 ISDT Power Lever Assy., ea. 13.95



Dynamite

GRAND PRIX KNEE CAP JEAN

This is the most advanced pair of jeans on the market today. Made from the heaviest denim available, they feature zipper legs, rear zipper pocket, built on belt and buckle, zip in and zip out plastic knee cups, super workmanship, all of which put these jeans way ahead of any other jean on the market today. Available in children's and adult sizes.
Color: Blue Denim. Sizes 22-38 ..... $22.95



MALCOLM SMITH GOLD METAL SOX
Colors: Red, blue, yellow and green. $5.95

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Feel free to use Master Charge or Bankamericard. Give card number and expiration date.
Year and make of motorcycle, style and color of tank. When ordering shocks list rider weight.
Add one dollar shipping charge on all orders. Allow 3 weeks delivery for personal checks.

BACK IN THE SADDLE

(Continued from page 5)

effects, followed by an untimely death —often the pistons. The cure (maintenance) is well known, but rarely applied. Negligence is a factor and the affliction is not isolated to the poor, but rather more prevalent among the wealthy.

Water on the B9E—This affliction is often thought to be regional, as Eastern riders seem to be plagued with it more than their Western brethren. But, whenever a promoter includes any sort of a water hole on a Western course, the affliction reaches epidemic proportions. Symptoms include a cessation of running, an absence of spark and much breath-shortening kicking. Careful application of duct tape in strategic areas seems to help, but basic flaws in machine design seem to thwart even the most energetic use of the wonder tape. Also known as Husqvarna's Shroud and Penton's Revenge, depending upon the area of the country and dealer affiliations.

Gone-O-rhea—A social disease of sorts. When everyone else is gone and the racer is left sitting at the starting line trying to figure out why his machine won't start.

Crabs—Another social disorder. Less common as machines begin to handle better. The phenomena can be identified by the tendency of the front end to "crab-in," dumping the rider on the track when he does not want to be dumped. Innumerable kits are dispensed to eliminate this disorder, but a plain old rubber seems to work best—a 3.00 x 21 Metzeler knobby on the front.

Shock—Comes in two stages, mild and severe. Severe shock can usually be detected by the presence of sacked springs and blown seals. Placing the patient with his feet higher than his head is not always the most desirable thing to do (as is the case with medical shock), but is often unavoidable. Keeping the shocks cool (aluminum coolers or nitrogen gas seems to help) will greatly reduce the incidence of shock problems. Check with your local tuner and avoid prolonged usage.

Herd Attack—A Herd Attack can be fatal, especially in the first turn. The worst known recorded instance of Herd Attack took place at Byron, Illinois, during the start of the 500 Junior Class. A Maico rider (V. D. Krause) took an immediate and pronounced lead, only to fall in the first turn. He laid there pinned under his machine while the Herd rode over him each and every lap of the entire moto. Needless to say, Mr. Krause did not recover and is now a successful dealer in Northlake, Illinois.

Road Rash—More common among road racers than most others. Generally, the malady is acquired through overly large amount of enthusiasm, combined with a distinct imbalance of planning. Many cases of Road Rash are acquired through a lack of available pavement. This shortage has contributed to most cases and is now under government committee investigation. No known cure, except for additional wheels used as an aid.

The Runs—Most racers have been afflicted with this ailment at one time or another. It never seems to act in the same manner twice and definitely runs in cycles. Symptoms are clearly recognizable (dropping items, losing things, breaking pieces, etc.) and seem to get worse before they get better. Dr. Baruch Menlow put it most succinctly, when he stated: "Basically, everything you touch turns to shit. It's best to just hang it up for a while." Dr. Menlow is famed for his 27 DNFs in a row while TT racing in the Fall of '72. His advice? "Take a six-month layoff, then quit." Sound thinking.

Athlete's Mouth—Probably the most common ailment among racers, Athlete's Mouth can be found at nearly every post race bench racing session. Victims can be usually found with their foot in their mouth, trying to get out of an awkward story. Can also be found in the motorcycle magazine industry with alarming frequency. Common warning signs: "A change of oil will cure the forks." ●

STROKIN IT

(Continued from page 10)

So you say you're just a fun, or play rider? Let me tell you something: Last week we went on a short trail ride, about sixty miles round trip. There were four of us all riding mx'ers, except for one enduro bike. After about the first ten miles, we began to run across a few things like water crossings, followed by a silty up hills. That's no big deal, but every inch of that silt was stuck to the wet bikes. We paid it no mind and continued on the ride. In no time at all the bikes began to run poorly because the silt had adhered itself all over the air filter and was choking the bikes to death. Of course, we blamed the bikes' poor air filter systems, but that wasn't the case. It was our fault. After the next water crossing the silt was sucked through the filters and into the carbs.

We had to clean out the carbs to get any performance out of the bikes at all. This was a big hassle, but we were put on the spot. If we wanted the bikes running when we got back to the trucks, we would have to maintain them. If we kept riding them, it would have ruined the entire engine with all of that dirt being pulled through it. So when you guys say that trail riding isn't so hard on the bikes, I say "bullshit." Any time the bike is being operated it's being worn. The more it's run the sooner it's going to break. Sure there are exceptions to every rule, but some day all of your neglect will come back and haunt you to death. So you get away for an entire summer, merely washing the bike and occasionally cleaning the filter, but as soon as you least expect it, you're going to be pushing the thing back to the truck and probably cursing the bike saying how big of a piece of junk it is. But deep down, you'll know it's all your fault.

I've got a suggestion. Make yourself a check list for each time after you ride the bike. Make it a monthly schedule. Once a week, or if you ride the bike a lot after each ride. Clean the filter, change the oil, check for loose nuts and bolts, and take a long look at the frame for cracks or fatigue spots. Keep a close eye on the wheels, spokes especially. If you blow a wheel a long way from the truck, good luck pushing it back.

In the second week of the check list, you'd better remove the wheels and check the brakes and bearings. This is also a good time to true or straighten the rims as needed. Check the axles to see if they are still straight. Put your chain in the drip pan and let it soak for a couple days. This'll give the oil a chance to work itself into the rollers and protect your chain from dying too quickly.

About once a month take the top end off, if for nothing else, but to check the piston and rings. At this time, you might as well change the top end bearing. This is cheap insurance that it'll never fail. Slip on a fresh gasket and maybe even decarbonize the ports. This will add a great deal of life to the bike and should make it run a bunch better, besides. If needed, take the cylinder and piston to a shop and have them checked for excessive clearance. A quick hone or de-glase will help if you are installing new rings. They'll seat in half the time.

Don't let the lower end of the bike go neglected. Take the side cases off and inspect the guts of the motor. Make sure the clutch is tight and clean any old build-up from the cases. When you drain the oil you never can get it completely out, so this build-up is common.

If we all took the time to care for our bikes half as good as the factories do, I'd be willing to bet that the old sled wouldn't break down near as often —or maybe never. If you catch a failing part before it fails, only that part might need replacing but if something blows, it usually takes a lot with it.

From now on let's look at it from a different light. What if the bike didn't wear out, but the rider did and the bike had to take care of you. Boy, it'd be a cold day in hell when my Maico would change my oil. ●

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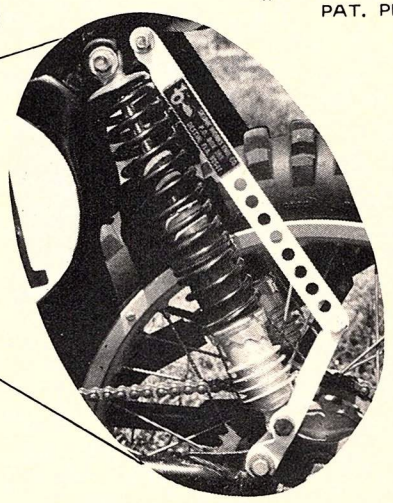
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MR. KNOW-IT-ALL

(Continued from page 12)

are seated in the extreme aft head in a 747 at 39,000 feet, you are bound to get bad vibrations regardless of what you are reading. Your remark that I "Don't know a damn thing about relations with Europeans" pales slightly when you consider that I was born in Europe barely less than 15 kilometers from the hotel where you and your rowdy crew spend their sordid layovers. Believe me, I know how to deal with these people.

Check your altimeter, flyboy, and get your feet back on the footpegs. Try to stow your emotional outbursts and stay on your flight vector. I understand that twenty-four years of pure oxygen can take its toll on even the healthiest individual and I don't hold any grudge against you. Just keep your uncles out of Northlake and there won't be any trouble.

As for Mr. Sutguglo: your hasty flight to defend his honor was decidedly unwarranted. His weekly gross is up about 37.75% as a direct result of notoriety he gained from my column. You won't hear old "Sutgy" (as his buddies call him) complaining.

In closing I would advise you that brown-nosing Super Hunky did you absolutely no good at all, as he is scared to death of flying.

ANOTHER PROBLEM SOLVED BY THE MIRACULOUS MR. "K"

Mr. Know It All,

I have a problem only you can solve. I own a '74 Honda XL 100 and I am trying to make it dirt worthy. I have an awful carburetor problem. Every time I feed it the gas, it loads until it dies. I tried moving the needle up and down in its five positions. No luck. Please help. You have a great article.

Dirty Gennarelli
Alamitos, California

You are a very intuitive fellow and your display of confidence will secure you a speedy solution to your problem. Your carb is fine, except for a few particles of dirt in the pilot jet. Have your happy Honda dealer do a valve job on the engine and your problems are over. You must, however, steadfastly overlook any power and handling shortcomings that are soon to become apparent and from which there is precious little salvation. On second thought, I wouldn't sweat it if I were you. Get a jersey with your name on the back in bold letters and it is unlikely that any rider will have the guts

to pass you. In fact, if you get a set of Chicago license plates on your van, you might even get into the track free.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN . . . "ONE OF THE BEST?"

Dear Mister K.,

I was reading your KX 125 Kawasaki Track Test and I thought it was one of the best I've ever read. I was noticing on Jeff Weckers' bike, that the pipe looks stock. Is it? If not, what kind is it? The reason I ask this, is because I have a '75 KX 125 and I was wondering if I should put a DG pipe on it or not? Your answer will be greatly appreciated. If I do put a DG pipe on, what will it do to the power curve?

Thank you very much,
Eddie Cano
El Monte, California

It is painfully apparent that the pipe is definitely stock. You should have known that Ed. The DG pipe is a good performer and enhances mid-range rpm power output by about 1.6 horses with a slight deficiency of approximately .79 horses at 3500 rpm. Consider the price comparison of the two pipes and go from there. One last thing, Ed, knock off that "greatly appreciated" verbiage on any of your future correspondence. It goes without saying.

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Mr. "K:"

I got troubles . . . I was so happy when I got my Elsinore CR 125, since they claimed top notch performance. No KX, YZ, or TM could catch it. Now the Yamaha YZ 125 has 20 plus hp and excellent handling from the monoshock. Also a new shop opened around the corner. Guess what? They stock Can-Am, Husky, Hodaka, and Penton. HELP me please?! How can I make my 1975 CR 125 a winner again?

David Steiner
Miami, Florida

The befuddling turn of events which has victimized you and your trusty Elsie has a name—PROGRESS. Contrary to recent rumors, Honda Motor Corp. did not buy up the world's supply of design engineers. It looks like Yamaha switched a few fellows from their organ division into motorcycles and Kawasaki likewise diverted some of their human resources away from designing nuclear reactors and into the motorcycle engine dept. The improvements were inevitable, Steiner. I see two options available to you. You can practice and race in a more dedicated fashion, or as a stopgap measure, you could become a floor salesman at the corner bike shop and bad mouth everything for sale there and also spread the tale that the price of nitrogen is soon to go up to over $200 per cubic foot. One

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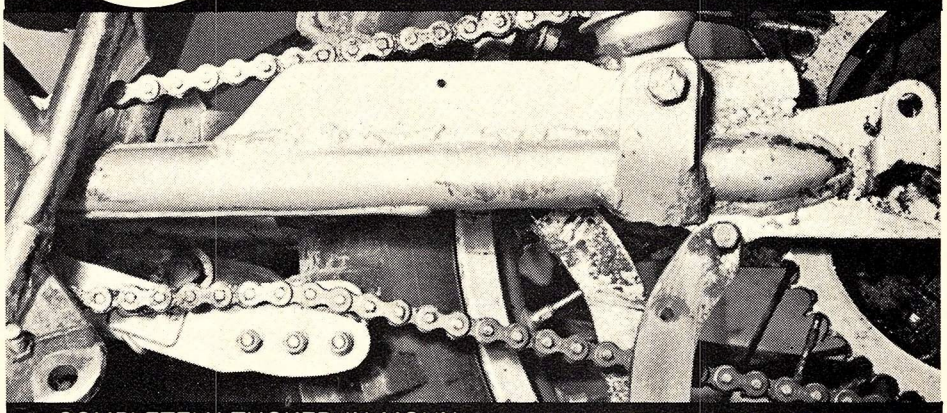
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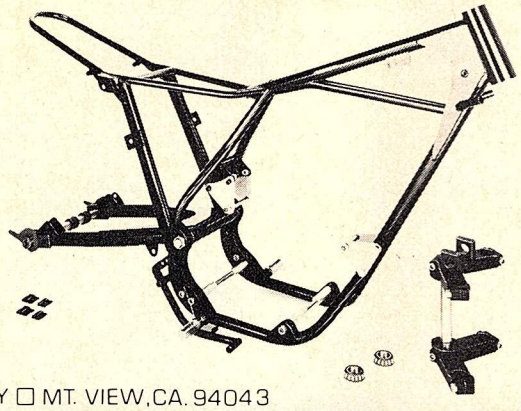
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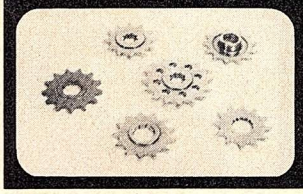
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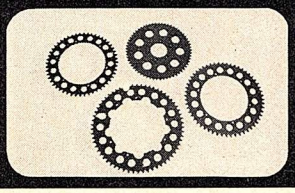
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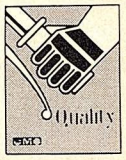


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thing is certain, the state of the art is constantly improving and the only variable you have control over is rider skill, if any. Ride what you can afford and HELP yourself.

SEND THE BACK ISSUE MONEY FIRST, DeMARZO!

Dear Mr. Know-It-All:

I have a little problem; maybe you will be able to help me. I want to buy a motocross bike and I have two bikes that I want to get, but can't decide which one to get. My choices are the 125 Honda, CR 125, and the Yamaha 125 MX, not the YZ. I would like to know which one is the better bike, and since I am going to buy it *used*, which one is stronger? If you have road tests on these bikes, would you please send them to me? Thank you very much.

Yours truly,
Robert Christoper DeMarzo
New York

Have you considered the KX 125, or the new RM 125 Suzuki? Recent issues of MODERN CYCLE explore the inner depths of these machines. Just for the record, we race, ride and evaluate our test machines. A road test is something we leave to the state Department of Highways.

I WAS FRAMED!

Hey Mr. "K:"

Just recently, they put in a ¼-mile oval track near my home. I would like to get started racing, so I have been looking through every cycle magazine I could get my hands on, trying to find someone who builds racing frames. As I was looking through your May, 1975 magazine, I came upon the article "Skiddin' In Houston." In that article, *"M.C."* was interviewing Gene Romero. He said he prefers a Champion frame built by Doug Schwerma. I am using the Yamaha 360 engine and I was wondering if you could get me the price of a frame, or give me Doug Schwerma's address. I was also wondering what would be the best recommended forks for the set up. Any information you could give me would be greatly appreciated.

Thank you,
Gerald A. Butler, Jr.
New York

Frames and frame kits run $400 and up, up, up. Betor forks have been very popular in the past, but I would suggest pricing out a set of the new Marzocchi forks. Your great appreciation was a foregone conclusion. Where to: Schwerma Prod., 23684 Clawiter Rd., Hayward, CA, (415) 782-3121.

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John Karns, Des Moines, Iowa

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the history of the motorcycle. In it, I wrote that MX racing is the second most physically demanding sport after soccer. My teacher doesn't believe me. Is it true??? Both she and I would like an answer.

Nick Angelus

Never, ever write a term paper, research paper, whatever, unless you can substantiate your claims with empirical or referenced data, except, of course, if you are writing fairy tales. Fortunately for you, the claim is true. In the book "Mr. Motocross," written by Torsten Hallman, the Swedish Academy of Medicine was cited as performing extensive testing on heart rate, oxygen consumption, etc., on various world calibre moto-x racers. They determined that only soccer could make a higher peak demand on the body's energy. Grand Prix Moto-X, however, requires a longer duration of sustained high energy output. It is indeed sad that so many of America's schools have staff members and teachers that are simply not qualified to educate the children properly. I suggest, Nick, that you charge your teacher a nominal tutelage fee. She should have known. ●

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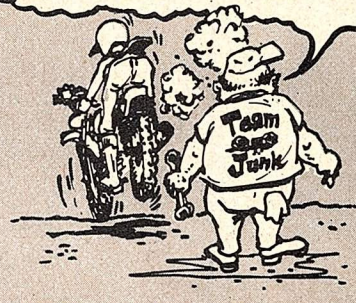
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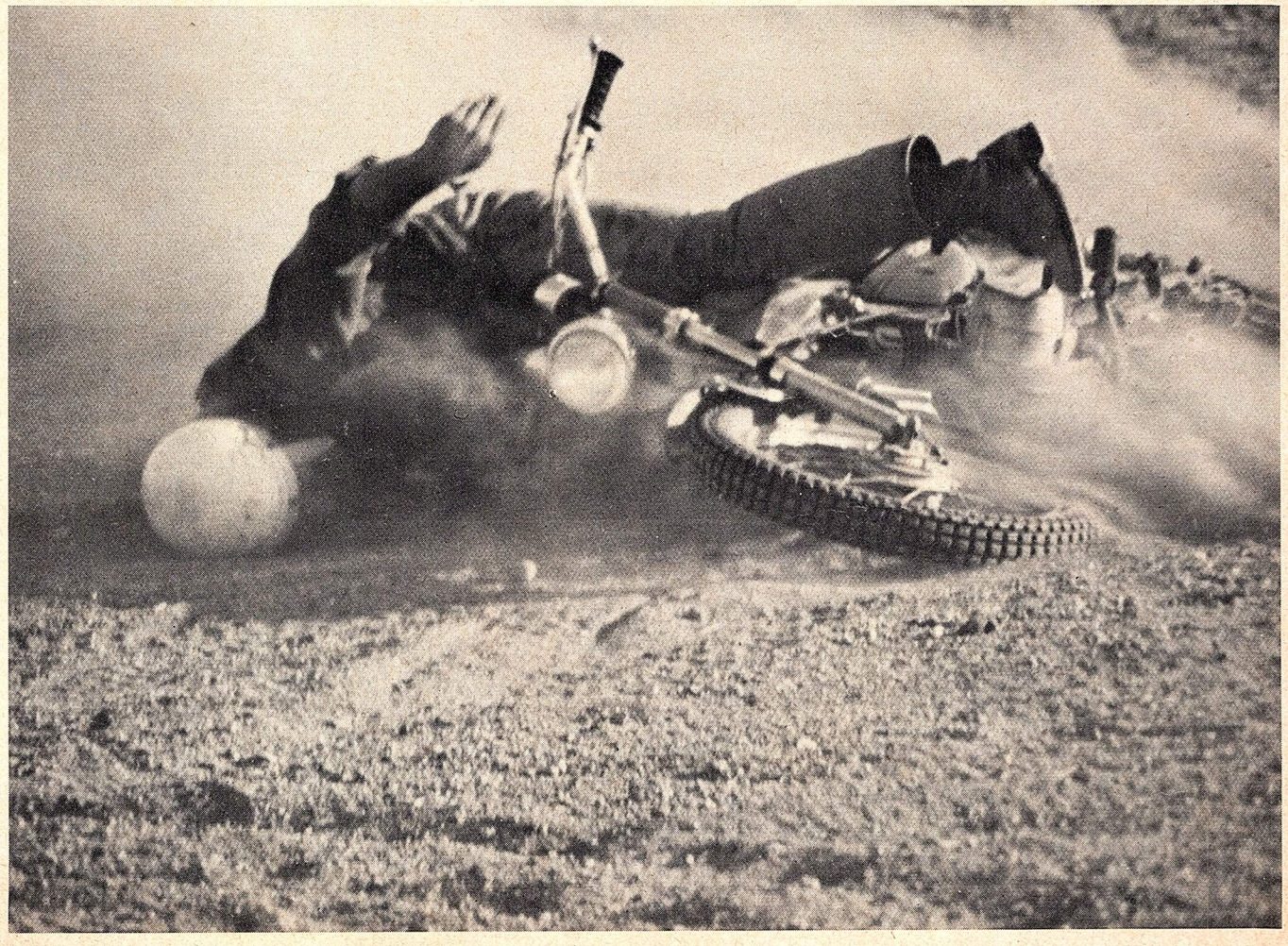
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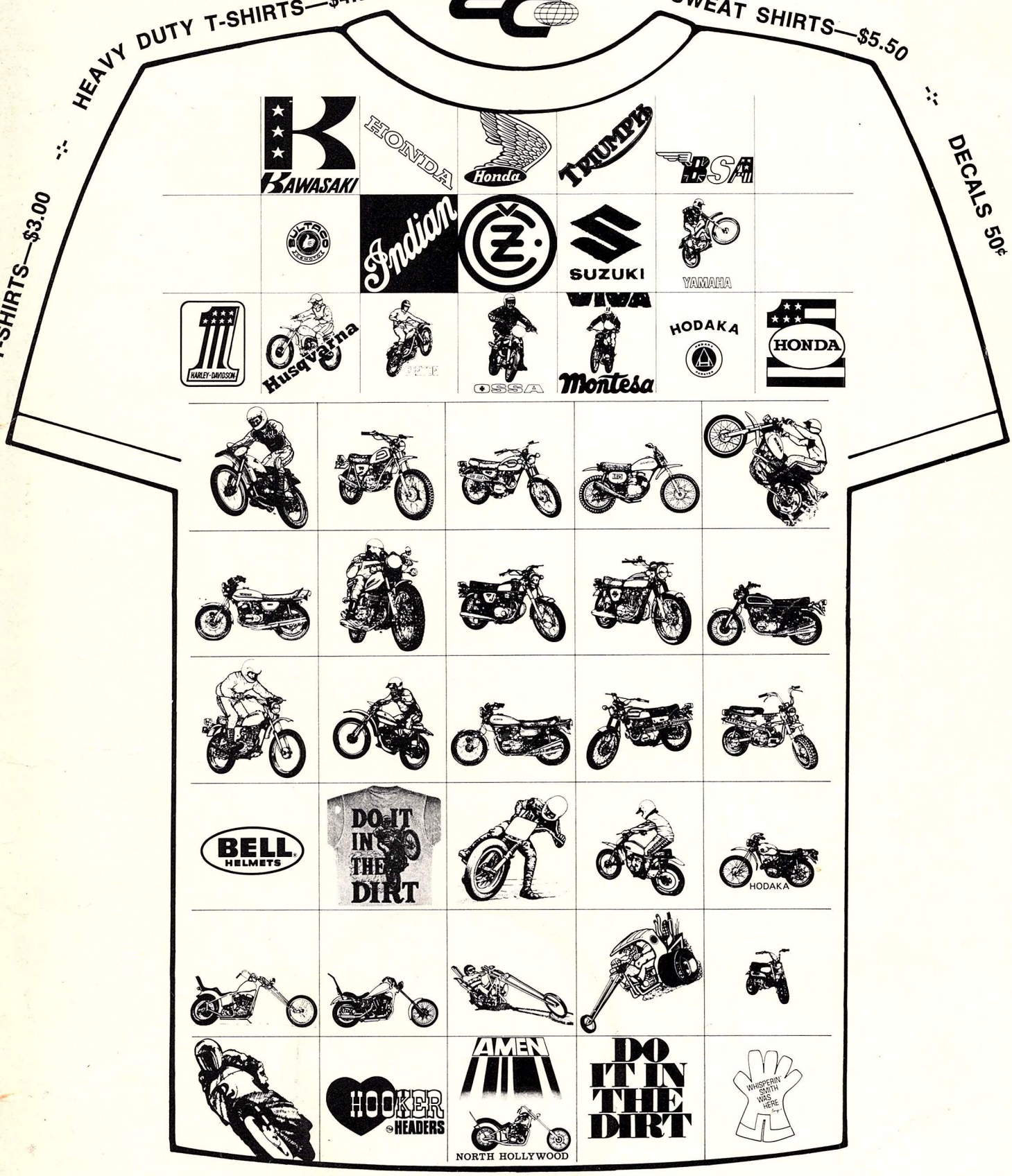


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